JOHN BULL MAY 18, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1196.
Vol. XLV.

OVER A MILLION SALE

OBTAINABLE FROM:

LEEDS—
Cashdisia Stores, Ltd., 65, Vicar Lane.
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LEICESTER—T. C. Ashwell, 36/8, Belgrave Gate.
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W H. Nott, 64, High St.
W. Pryce Jones, 16, Sykefield Ave.
Riley Bros. 22 & 24, Humberstone Rd.
B. W. Rowe, 94, Narborough Rd.
Turner Jacques, 2, Granby St.
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Leonard Croxford.
LEISTON—
Robt. East & Son, High St.
LEITH—J. D. Somerville & Son, 317, Leith Walk.
LEOMINSTER—C. H. Harvey, Corn St.
LETCHWORTH— Foster & Scott, The Man's Shop Arcade.
LEWES—Browne & Crossley, 214, High St.
LEYBURN—C. Milner & Sons Market Place.
LEYLAND— Warings, Towngate.
LINCOLN—A. C. Armstrong, 88a, Ballgate.
H. Sparrow, 33, Sincil St.
Wark & Sons, Tailors and Drapers.
John P. Wingad, 34/36, Silver St.
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R. Brewster, Ltd., 53/5, Byron St.
J. Crohan, 18, Manchester Rd
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Jameson & Jones, 142/8, London Rd.
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P. Williams, 64, London Rd.
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LLANFAIRFECHAN—
A. Davies, Castle Bldgs.
T. Llewelyn Jones, Compton House.
LLANIDLOES— Alderson's, Great Oak St.
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LLANYMYNECH—
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LOUGHBOROUGH—
Colmans, Swan St.
J. S. Marr, 7, 8, 8a, Church Gate.
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LOWESTOFT—
J. & J. Edwards Ltd., High St
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Southon Bros., 6/7, High St.
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Bennett & Sons, 110, High St.
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14/11

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NANTWICH—Preston & Day.
NELSON— Chappell & Son, 41, Railway Sy.
NEWARK— Johnson & Longdon, 49, Market Place.
Newark Clothing Co., 7, Stodman St.
Seely & Curtis, 9, The Parade
NEWBURY—
Camp Hopson & Co., Ltd.
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F. Beavan, Ltd., Shields Rd.
H. Binns Son & Co., Ltd.
Todd Bros. Ltd. 176, Scotswood Rd.
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C. F. Dunn & Son, 14, Bridge St.
J. E. Partridge, 38, Sheep St.
NORTH FLEET—
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Fred. J. Waters, 97/8, High St.
NORTHWICH—
Preston & Day, 50, Witton St.
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Chas. White, 38, High St.
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Frank Price, Magdalen & Botolph St.
Patrick's Men's Stores, 3/11, Ber St.
NORTH SHIELDS—
D. Hill Carter & Co., Union St.
R. Pierson & Co., 15, Saville St.
NORTH WALSHAM—
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NOTTINGHAM— Harrison's 3/13, Hockley.
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Orchestral

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Conducted by PERCY PITT
G1065 { La Boutique Fantasque—Selection. In Two Parts. (12-in. 4/-)

Instrumental

The **VENETIAN PLAYERS** String Quintet
G9267 { Andante Cantabile—In Two Parts

JEAN DEVEY, Accordeon Solo
G9284 { In a Persian Market Intermezzo. In Two Parts

Choral

The **MINSTER SINGERS**
G1064 { The Messiah—Vocal Sel. In Two Parts (12-inch 4/-)

Vocal

MAURICE GUNSKY, Tenor
G9289 { Good Night Paradise

Dance

HAL SWAIN'S Café Royal Band.
G9295 { "Mr. Cinders"—I'm a One Man Girl Spread a Little Happiness

GEOFFREY GELDER & Kettner's Five
G9296 { Shout Hallelujah Happy Days and Lonely Nights

Four of the Latest Hits.

The Egg Song
Follow a Big Cigar
Sung by **Mark Daly**
Ask to Hear Record
G9283

It goes Like This, that Funny Melody
Nagasaki
Sung by **The Two Gilberts**
Your Dealer has it—Record G9291

Made by Columbia

REGAL RECORDS

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked — In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

The Daily Chronicle

FREE INSURANCE

COVERS

Husband, Wife and Children

AT WORK
AT PLAY
AT HOME
OR AWAY

PRICE ONE PENNY

JOHN BULLS SQUARE & FAIR CROSSWORD

£500 MUST BE WON

QUICK RESULTS

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL

ENTRANCE FEE 6d FOR TWO ATTEMPTS

Only One Sixpenny Double Entry Allowed to Each Competitor.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (NOON) MAY 23RD.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, MAY 30th.
Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JUNE 6th.

QUICKER RESULTS! EASIER THAN EVER! NO CLAIMS REQUIRED!

RESULT of John Bull X-word No. 10 appears on page 36.

"John Bull" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of "John Bull" Crossword No. 13 which is given below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (Noon), May 23rd. No entries for this competition accepted afterwards. Post Early!

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle below IN INK, and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 13),
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.),

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, May 23rd.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed /& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the entry forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 6th. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner, may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, June 11th, on which date the prize-money will be dispatched and after which date no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—
The Competition Editor,
"John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Form and number of Postal Order.

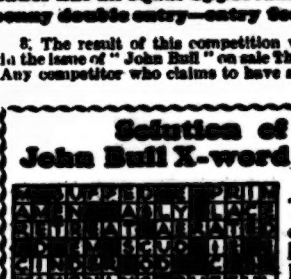
11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Solution of John Bull X-word No. 11.



The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 11 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

RESULT will be published NEXT WEEK

CLUES ACROSS

4. To be wild.
8. Crow's cry.
10. Artist's studio.
11. Land held on condition of service.
14. Parson.
15. Defined.
18. Poisonous snake.
21. Everything.
22. A beam of light.
24. Group of cannon.
29. Magician.
32. To hang heavily.
33. Horse game.
34. A female.
36. Unfit.
38. Having two.
43. Health resort.
44. Impoverished.
45. Part of the foot.
47. Hindustani.
49. Heavy wagon.
50. An essence.
51. Throw out.

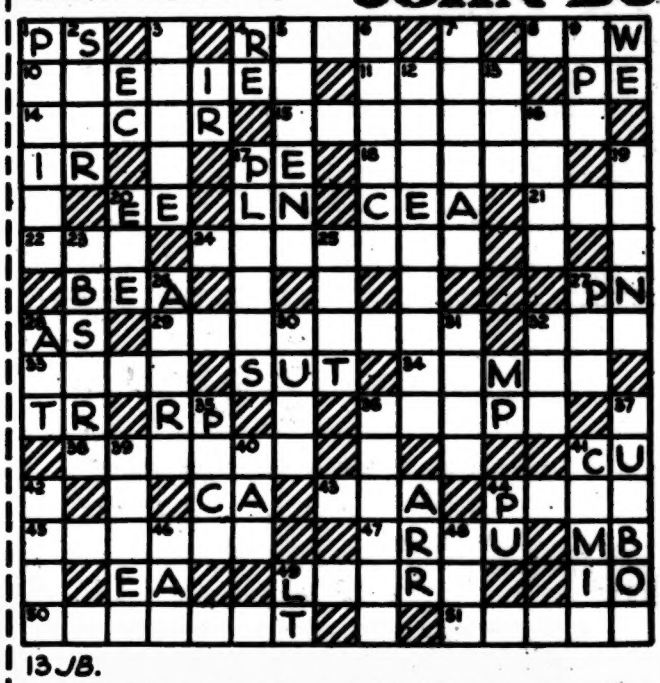
CLUES DOWN

1. Pavement layer.
2. Rouse.
3. From a fire.
5. Enthusiastic.
6. To rub out.
7. Day of the week.
9. Monkey.
12. Kind of quilt.
13. Expire.
16. Vehicle.
17. Level lands.
19. Throw.
20. Optic.
23. Soak up.
25. Rigid.
26. Seed of an oak.
27. Shallow vessel.
28. Liable.
30. A month.
31. Wander.
32. Was seated.
35. A step.
36. Adulterated.
37. A fish.
39. An insertion.
40. A blow.
41. Humorous.
42. A number.
46. Sailor.
48. Stain.

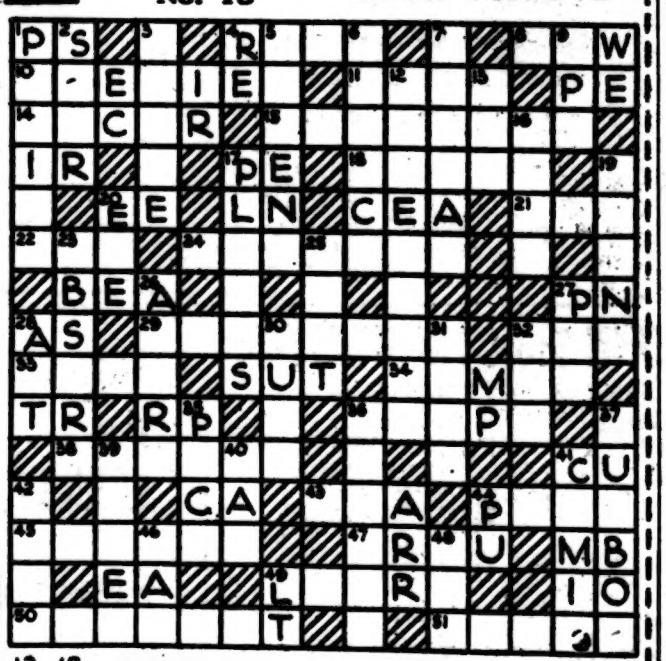
Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM "A" **JOHN BULL** CROSSWORD No. 13 ENTRY FORM "B"



13 JB.



13 JB.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose 6d. P.O. No. _____

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY [NOON] MAY 23rd.

ANOTHER BIG CROSSWORD PRIZE NEXT WEEK!

A HOUSEKEEPER'S CHRONIC LIVER.

Year's Bad Sickness Ended.

"My liver was sluggish and unhealthy," says Mrs. E. L. Holmes, of 29, Queen Street, Cheslyn Hay, near Walsall. "The least thing brought on a bilious attack. I always felt worse in a morning when the bouts of sickness were dreadful and I had pains in the back and shoulders. My head ached, I could see specks before the eyes, my tongue was coated and I had a blotchy sallow skin. Although I took all sorts of salts and pills I still suffered severely from constipation.

"Bile Beans acted on my liver and bowels in such a gentle natural way that everything else seemed to go right in its turn. Since taking this vegetable pill my skin has cleared, I eat without fear of bilious attacks and I get up in the morning feeling energetic and refreshed. I am a 100 per cent. better in health."

Bile Beans are unrivalled for biliousness, indigestion, constipation, headache, debility, depression, Spring blood impurities, etc. 1/3 and 3/-. Sealed boxes only.

Last but not Least!

and placed where it is readily available for emergency use.

The YADIL Bottle

to ward off chills and chase infections. Also a tin of Ointment for cuts and stings and skin-damage.

Prices: liquid from 2/9. Ointment from 1/9.

Certified by public analysis as safe and non-poisonous. Send to the address below for a free copy of the "Yadil Book of Home Treatment"

YADIL PRODUCTS (1925) LTD.
SICILIAN HOUSE, SICILIAN AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.1

VAPEX INHALANT

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Just when Summer joys are most alluring, Hay Fever claims its victims. The intense irritation prevents any pleasure out of doors. Vapex gives relief, whilst its regular use affords protection. Put a drop on your handkerchief each morning so that you inhale the vapour during the day.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

POISONED FINGERS

and other forms of local blood infection CURED COMPLETELY BY BURGESS'

LION OINTMENT

From Chemists, 1/6, 3/- and 5/- per box; or post free from Edwin Burgess Ltd., 36c, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Trade Mark

Plain Directions

Be Suited & Satisfied with your WHITSUN SUIT

PAY for it as you WEAR it

Each Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 7/- and then pay 7/- monthly until you have paid in all

52/6

Overcoats from 29/6. Also in better qualities and Dinner Jacket suits £4 4 0, all made to measure on similar easy terms. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Write or call for patterns, Style Book and Self-Measurement Form to—

Established 1901.

J.B. THORNE & Co

36, Langham St., London, W.1.

NEW CITY BRANCH: Entire House (1st Floor), St. Martin's-le-Grand (opp. G.P.O.)

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

I Guarantee Your Satisfaction

WHY YOU SHOULD BUY BY POST

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED

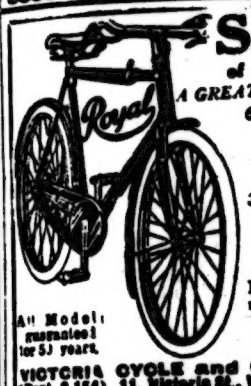
Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

500 SOLID OAK BED CHAIRS

(1) **2/6** only secures this 4 in 1 Oak Bed-chair. Every customer is guaranteed one until 500 are sold, and 10 Weekly payments of 2/6 complete purchase. Polished dark or any shade, 3 soft Velvet Cord cushions, any colour. Leg rest detachable and very useful as fireside seat. Carriage free England. Postal Orders only.

(2) (3) (4)

NORTH BUCKS TRADING CO., 48, Shaftesbury Ave., Piccadilly Circus, W.1.



SALE!

of ROYAL Cycles.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

6-Guinea Models for

65/-

(or 6/- monthly)

3-speed Model de Luxe for

84/-

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Numerous other models at similar reductions.

Send for illustrated Catalogue.

All Models guaranteed for 5 years.

VICTORIA CYCLE and CARRIAGE CO. (Dept. G.156), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

World's Finest Value

The Graves "VULCAN" 2-Valve Wireless Set is the World's greatest achievement in Wireless Efficiency and Value.

10/6 NOW

Polished Oak Cabinet with hinged lid, Mullard Dull Emitter Valves, H.T. Battery, 2-volt Accumulator, Loud Speaker of exceptional capacity, and complete Aerial Outfit. Price £7.17.6 Terms: 10/6 now; 10/6 per month

Postal approval in your home.

CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Full specification of this and other installations.

Write Now.

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TO ALL WHO WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS NOW & ORDER WITHIN 10 DAYS

SEND NO MONEY

OVERCOAT or SUIT

Just send a P.C. and you receive FREE large choice of Overcoat and Suit Patterns. 120 DIFFERENT STYLES, also our Gift

IN A SENSATIONAL COUPON which can be honestly worth 7/6 to you. Also "EASIEST MONTHLY PAYMENTS" CHART for ordering by post. Perfect fit guaranteed by some of Britain's finest tailors. Write NOW to — (Dept. S.B.)

GEO. SMITH (Clapham Junc.) Ltd. LONDON, S.W.11.

EASY TERMS 6/- MONTHLY

SEND NO MONEY. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

You can test this wonderful

SOUNDBOX

FREE, at our Expense We will send the

VITA-PHONIC

on 7 days' free trial. Try it on your Gramophone. We do not ask you to pay for the Vita-Phonic now. When you are satisfied that the results from a Vita-Phonic Soundbox are superior, we ask you, after 7 days, to pay for it on the terms stated in the Coupon below.

Irish and Foreign Orders Cash Only.

You will be agreeably surprised with the results, the improvement in tone and volume will be a revelation. Here is an opportunity to add to the pleasure of your gramophone which costs you nothing to test. Call and hear one for yourself.

Cut this Coupon here and post TO-DAY.

UNIVERSAL SALES CO. (Dept 48), Mitre House, 177, Regent Street, London, W.

Please send me on 7 days' free trial your

VITA-PHONIC SOUNDBOX

I promise to pay after 7 days 3/- and 5 weekly payments of 2/- (making 13/-), or 10/6 cash, or return in good condition. (State if soundbox slips over or into tone arm. Cross out which does not apply).

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Write plainly in pencil.

UNIVERSAL SALES CO. (Dept. 48), Mitre House, 177, Regent St., London, W.

FULLOTONE 5 VALVE PORTABLE

20/- DOWN & 12 monthly payments of 20/6.

This marvel gives wireless in every room and outdoors. With one turn of the dial anybody can get English and Continental stations strongly—one expert got U.S.A. No aerial, earth, confusing leads or intricate tuning. Solid mahogany or oak.

TEST AT HOME for 7 days —or get free Booklet.

FULLOTONE GRAMOPHONES (1929), Ltd. (Dept. JBWB), 72, Camden Road, N.W.1. 'Phone: North 0017 and 7 Branches.

15/15/0 CASH, CARRIAGE PAID. *Complete with batteries, valves, loud-speaker and waterproof cover.*

TRIM YOUR OWN HAIR

You think you can't — we guarantee you can!

SAVES TIME AND MONEY

For Ladies and Gents

Trims as it Combs

POST FREE **2/-** COMPLETE

Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it. Lasts a Lifetime.

FREE to "JOHN BULL" Readers

Keep your hair short and neat. With this simple, yet effective device, you can be your own hairdresser and save pounds and wasted hours in salons. Ideal for women who are bobbed or shingled. Makes removal of superfluous hair on neck a matter of simplicity. A boon to men for personal use and a real money-saver for the family man.

A Lady purchaser writes: "When my friends tell me I must spend a fortune at hairdressers I show them the comb."

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Get one of these wonderful combs yourself. Send 2/- Now and you will receive it by return complete and ready for immediate use.

As a special introductory offer, if you mention "JOHN BULL" when sending we will forward a Novel Waving Comb entirely free.

J. B. COLE, 24, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

THAT SHED YOU NEED

FREE BOOK

FROM **12/2** Per Month Del'd 1st Paym't

For storing Garden Tools, Cycles, Prams, Coals, Household Goods. Prompt dispatch. Carr. paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections. 3/4in Feather-edge boarding. Satisfaction guaranteed. Floors extra.

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
6ft.	x 4ft.	x 6½ft.	£3-9-6	12/2	Terms
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Beautifully illustrated Sectional Building List Free.

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 2 Wood Top Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxford St.

2 SHIRTS 4/9

TWO FOR 4/9 POSTAGE 6d

Half Cost of Makers' Alone. To advertise our 250-page Catalogue of over 200 Govt. bargains, we are making a special offer to readers of this paper of 2 guaranteed shirts for the advertising price of 4/9, post 6d. This is less than half the price that you could purchase the material alone.

In fancy stripes of strong flannelette, full cut, gusseted and double yoke, and made for strong hard service.

Remember, cash refunded if you do not consider these shirts beastly worth double. Send to-day, stating size of neckband, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

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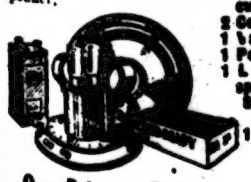
READY TO LISTEN-IN.

A cheap and reliable 2-valve set, complete with all accessories and loud-speaker.



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Edison 2-Valve Set	3	15	0
1 120-volt Ever-Ready Battery	0	14	0
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2 Coils	0	2	10
1 Valve	0	9	6
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Satisfaction guaranteed. Trade enquiries invited.

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WEAR NIXOLES & DARN-NO-MORE

"NIXOLES" (regd.) are GUARANTEED to prevent holes in hosiery, sore heels and slipshod footwear.

NO FIXING REQUIRED

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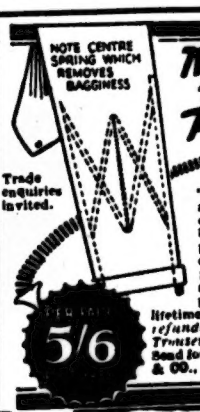
NOTE CENTRE SPRING WHICH REMOVES BAGGINESS

Trade enquiries invited.



PER PAIR 5/6

More Efficient than a 2-gn Trousers Press

THE "Perfect" Trousers Press gives trousers 'the "straight-from-the-tailor" appearance always. Costs only a fraction of the price of old-fashioned, cumbersome Trousers Press, yet completely supersedes it. Automatically shapes itself to trousers leg, placed in and out in a jiffy. No screws, no intricate parts, rust-proof, so strong that it will last a lifetime. Packs flat for travelling. *Money refunded instantly if the "Perfect" Trousers Press fails to delight you.* Send for one to-day. CORNALL, RIDALL & CO., Balmoral Works, Bush Hill

£2 GRAMOPHONE Electric PICK-UP FREE

To all those who write now for our Lists and order WITHIN 10 DAYS! MIRACLE 2, 3 or 4 Valve sets all complete and ready for listening-in Yours for 5/- now.

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Send only **5/-** DEPOSIT

Also All Mains 2 & 3 valve sets £1 deposit, balance £1 a month. Send for list now.

WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES Wallington, Surrey

NERVOUSNESS

A Remarkably Interesting Book, Throwing a New Light on the Mystery of "Nerves," Offered Free to All Sufferers.

A remarkable new book, "The Conquest of Fear" (recommended by Editor of "Health and Strength"), describing the cause and cure of Self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia and kindred nervous disorders, sent privately to sufferers for 3d. only. Send for a copy now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nervous fears!

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JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON

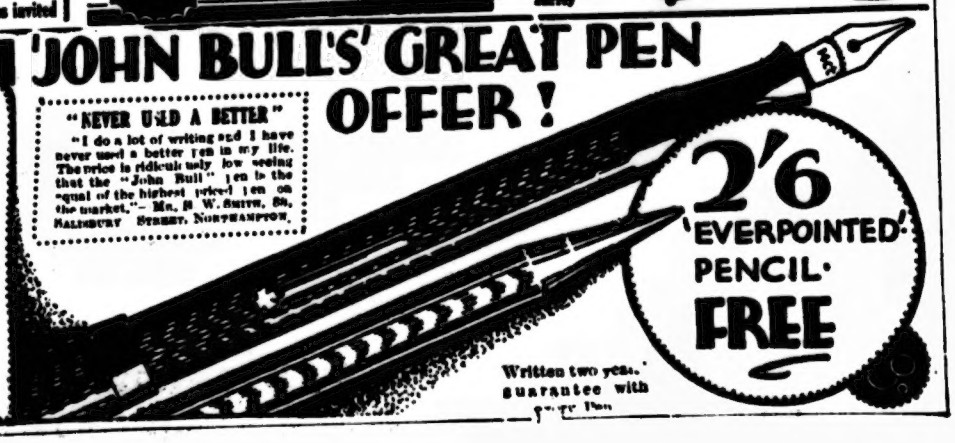
Cash the Coupons

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/8 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 2d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib.—JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT PEN OFFER!

"NEVER USED A BETTER"

"I do a lot of writing and I have never used a better pen in my life. The price is ridiculously low seeing that the "John Bull" pen is the equal of the highest priced pen on the market."—Mr. H. W. SMITH, 88, SALISBURY STREET, NORTHAMPTON.

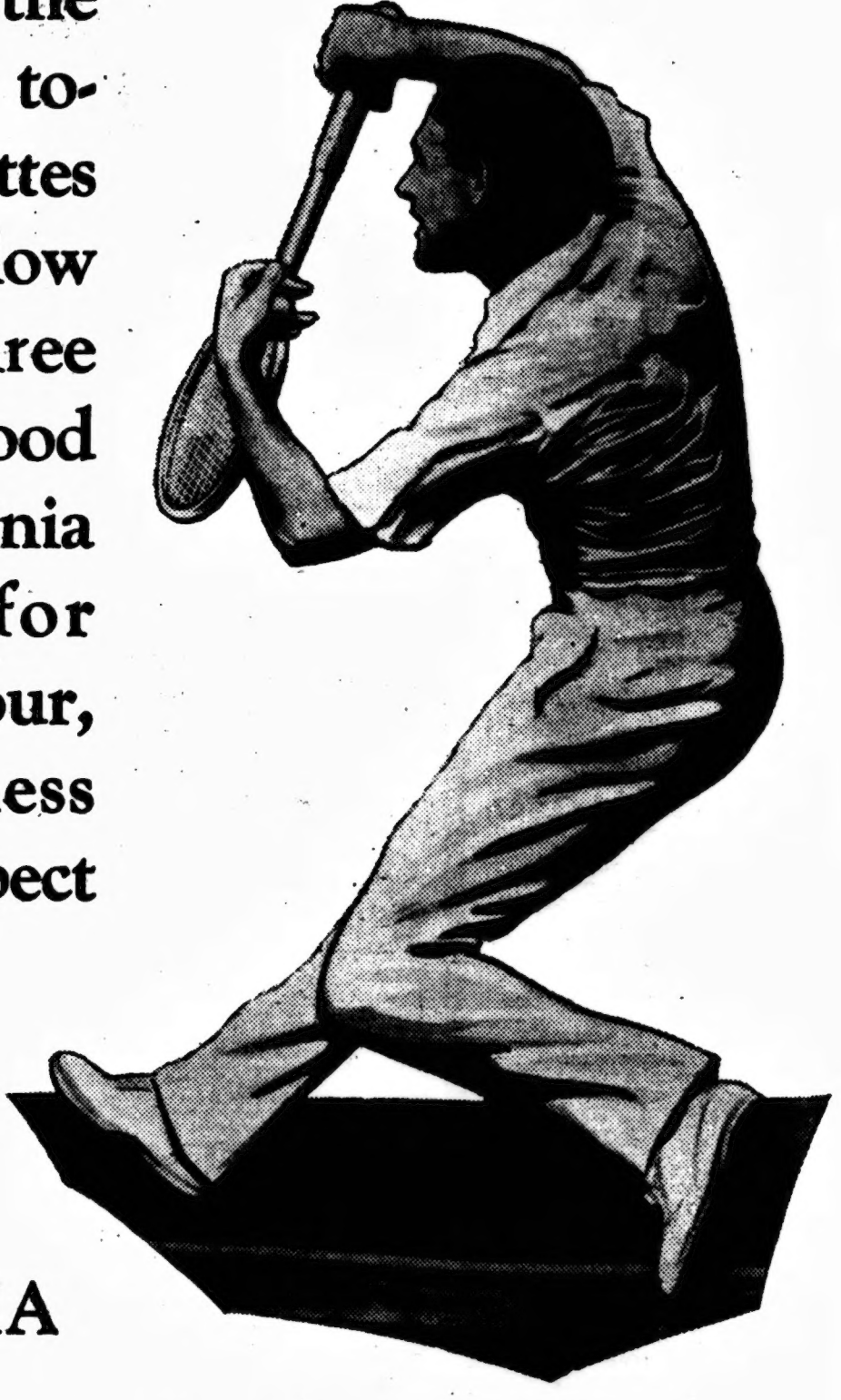


2/6 'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE

Written two years' guarantee with each Pen

3 YEARS AGO when Borotra introduced the beret, the tobacco for tomorrow's 'Turf' Cigarettes was set aside to mellow in the wood. This three years' ageing-in-the-wood process of fine Virginia tobaccos ensures for you the perfect flavour, mellowness, smoothness and coolness you expect in 'Turf' Cigarettes.

Borotra winning the Singles Championship at Wimbledon, July 2nd, 1926.



'TURF'

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93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, May 18, 1929. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

The King's Recovery—"Moving On" the Police

City Won't Panic—Worsted Facts

Black Men's Poison

THE King's assurance, given during his surprise hospital visit, that he is "feeling very fit indeed," is gratifying, and, moreover, is supported by our latest private information as to his Majesty's physical condition.

* * *

At the same time, it is as well to bear in mind that it will still be a long time before he can entirely recover from the havoc wrought by his terrible illness on his reserves of nervous and mental energy.

* * *

We are not so sure that Mr. Baldwin did a wise thing in shelving the proposed Regency Bill.

The Byng boys—latest

The new Chief of Police is certainly tackling the administration of the Metropolitan Police Area with real zest. In future all Divisional Detective Inspectors of Divisions, who mostly now reside some considerable distance away from their stations, are to be given quarters *on the spot*.

* * *

As such officers are in charge of all the plain-clothes detectives in their area, who are constantly called upon to investigate serious crimes—even murders—at night, they are not always able to get on the scene as quickly as they should, in order to supervise enquiries and give instructions.

If quarters are not available, an adjacent house is to be found for them, so that they can always be on the spot to deal with every emergency as it arises.

No particular hurry

A striking illustration of the leisurely instincts of Whitehall was afforded in the Commons the other day by Mr. Herbert Williams, Under-Secretary to the Board of Trade.

In reply to a question on the date when the Order in Council would be made to bring the Companies Consolidation Bill into operation, he suggested November 1.

* * *

People outside must have sufficient time to study the provisions of the Act, he said, *while no doubt certain people would desire to write books about it.*

But why worry about the Bill at all? It won't make any difference a couple of thousand years hence.

Consolation

We expect that one or two candidates at least will miss nomination owing to failure to draw their £150 *in cash* before nomination day, which is a bank holiday. They will have to console themselves with the reflection that what they haven't spent they still keep.

Into thin air

There is a mystery about the number of unemployed miners. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, the Minister of Labour, says that there are only 176,000 unemployed, of whom 46,000 are stopped temporarily.

The miner M.P.s claim that there must be thousands who are not registered.

It has been generally accepted, and on substantial authority, that there are about a quarter of a million miners who will probably never be employed in the industry again.

What has happened to the other 100,000? It is certain that they have not all been found work under the Government's scheme of transference.

Where do we come in?

Mr. Owen Young, the American chairman of the Experts' Reparations Committee in Paris, is a cool customer.

Mr. Owen Young—that cool customer from America

He is anxious to see that for thirty-seven years America is to receive £63,500,000 annually, plus £3,050,000 annually "for Dawes loan service and expenses" (whatever that may mean), plus another £3,500,000 annually for "U.S. occupation costs and reparations."

And what does Mr. Young wish Great Britain to receive? £0 0s. 0d. annually, and plus nothing.

The Paris *Journal* thinks in much the same way, for it calculates that France should receive £350,000,000, with £57,500,000 from Belgium and £50,000,000 from Italy.

And what does the *Journal* wish Great Britain to receive? £0 0s. 0d.

Caesar speaks

Sir Henri Deterding, oil emperor, has now given an interview, for trade consumption only, on his recent visit to America. It will be remembered that when he returned he told the popular Press he had not been talking about oil to any extent. We knew better.

After declaring that the world can do without gold, but not without oil, he says that it has taken him several years to bring other people in the industry round to his idea of international co-operation, but that this is now accomplished. The oil industry can now be put on a "sounder basis."

Good news for oil shareholders, we don't doubt, but not for the general public.

Quiet on the E.C. front

Despite the efforts of the Party organisers to keep things lively by judicious buying, the market in election majorities on the Stock Exchange has now completely flopped. There were practically no dealings last week.

The City can see nothing likely to rouse the country to enthusiasm in any of the programmes.

The same is true of Lloyd's, which usually does a big business in election insurances. This year there is absolutely nothing doing.

Traders who in previous years insured against a Labour victory refuse to take the trouble this year. They are no longer scared.

You can't catch him

"For turbulent energy in peace or war," says Winston Churchill, "give me Mr. Lloyd George. You will not find these qualities on the Socialist benches." Winston and L.G. have never lost their personal friendship. Within a month they may be on the same platform.

Winston's speeches and articles contain sentences useful for all kinds of contingencies. It can always be proved of him either that he said the same consistent thing years ago, or that he said the exact opposite some time or other.

A bad advertisement

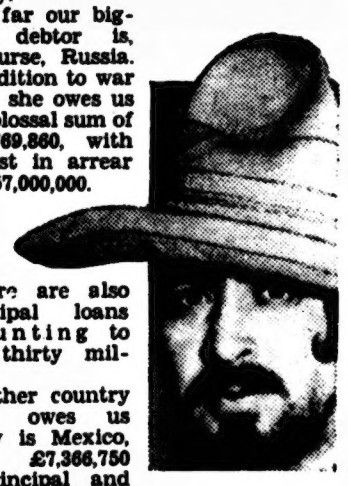
The Safeguarding Committee for worsted goods has made its report to the Board of Trade, but Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister flatly declincs to disclose its nature before the election. This is pulling wool over our eyes with a vengeance.

In view of the fact, which we happen to know, that over £2,000,000 worth of worsted goods were imported in the first three months of 1929, we can guess what the report says.

Holding lots of babies

Quite apart from war debts, Great Britain is owed enormous sums of money.

By far our biggest debtor is, of course, Russia. In addition to war debts, she owes us the colossal sum of £924,769,860, with interest in arrear of £457,000,000.



A Mexican—our debtor

There are also municipal loans amounting to over thirty millions.

Another country which owes us money is Mexico, with £7,366,750 in principal and interest.

It is putting it mildly to say that she has repudiated her debts, for there is no Government to issue a repudiation.

Ecuador and Brazil also owe us a tidy packet which we are never likely to see.

Still, it's nice for us to feel what a fairy godmother we are.

Why keep it secret?

Since we told the public the full story of the Blue Bird petrol tangles there have been developments.

Mr. Lorang, the leading director, has informed disappointed shareholders that the Blue Bird (Foreign), Ltd., in which they are interested, has sold a valuable process to the Portuguese and Spanish Governments for £200,000 cash.

He has declared that this money is even now lying in a British bank.

This is interesting, but it would have been still more so had Mr. Lorang cited the name of the bank in which this money lies.

His shareholders have been told so many vague things in the past that a little definite information of this sort would have gone a long way to allay anxiety.

The "Post" misses it

What would the Labour Party have said had it discovered that money was being sent from America to swell the electioneering funds of the Conservatives or the Liberals?

But the *Morning Post* is overstepping the mark in suggesting that money is coming from Russia to help official Labour.

That kite won't fly again. Such money is coming only to those whom the Labour Party hate more fiercely than the devil or a Tory.

The great big noise

Public comments on the multiplicity of high national posts held by Sir Josiah Stamp are not uncalled for.

The new British representative on the Reparations Commission, who also takes the chairmanship of the G.M.S., a directorship of the Bank of England, and a few more things in his stride, is undoubtedly an able man.

But his experience is mainly theoretical and scholastic.

Yet his name is on everybody's lips. Not long ago we suggested to a famous business man the lines on which we would like him to write an article for us.

"I simply have not got time to do it," he said. "*But why not try Sir Josiah Stamp?*"

Whose is the profit?

The India Office is still concerned about the large exports of opium from India. In 1927, which year provides the latest figure available, the Straits Settlements received over 300,000 lb., and French Indo-China and Siam little less.

If the India Office would only publish from time to time a list of the names of highly respectable people in this country who draw revenues, directly and indirectly, from this shameful industry, it would deal a shrewd blow to the traffic.

Pitfalls and gin

The sale of gin to natives in the Gold Coast has reached such colossal figures that the Governor has set up a committee to advise what action should be taken to control it.

The second part of the terms of reference seems designed, however, to prevent anything being done.

It asks the committee to say how the enormous lost revenue is to be made up.

The effect of the trade on the natives is not taken into account.

IF YOU SEE IT—*(Continued)*

Rows inside

The Civil Service, in its lower ranks, is full of warring elements which are sadly clashing with each other.

The Association of ex-Service Civil Servants has won a victory in securing a rise for the "P" class men. The Civil Servants' Clerical Association has not exactly helped.

The General Secretary of the latter body is Mr. W. J. Brown, who is standing for West Wolverhampton as a rather "extreme" candidate. He has been defeated twice, mainly by the efforts of the Association of ex-Service Civil Servants.

The Civil Service would be better with one association than with several.

They're rude

Two points raised by the Union of Post Office Workers in the report of scientific investigations made on their behalf during the last three years demand consideration on the grounds both of humanity and efficiency.

First, there is the serious overworking of telephone exchanges during rush hours, leading to "wrong numbers" and delay. The other matter is the method by which this trying work is supervised.

The report was sent to the postal authorities in February and no reply has yet been vouchsafed.

The Post Office seems to be adding to its other monopolies the stiff-necked attitude of a perfect bureaucracy.

The limit

Mr. F. O. Roberts, who was Minister of Pensions in the Labour Government, is now claiming that the seven years' limit should be abolished in dealing with claims by ex-Servicemen.

Why did he not abolish?

But why did not Mr. Roberts abolish the limit in 1924, when he had the opportunity to do so?

This regulation means that unless a man claims a pension within seven years of the date of his demobilisation he is debarred from claiming.

The present Minister of Pensions has arranged that in certain cases this regulation shall be waived, but the limit should be abolished entirely if justice is to be done.

Men gassed in the war have developed tuberculosis nearly ten years after demobilisation. Under the seven-years' limit, some of these men have died without receiving a penny of pension.

Buns for bribes

A feather-brained Communist body, which calls itself the Workers' Council of Education, is trying to organise a revolt among schoolchildren against Empire Day celebrations.

It is telling parents to keep their children away from school on that day, and to write to the headmaster telling him that they object to "flag-flapping flapdoodle."

As a bribe to the children to stay away, it is urging local Communist organisations to arrange picnics and parties for the truants.

It is understood, naturally, that Moscow will pay for the buns and ginger-beer.

A costly luxury

We have received the following note with a request that it should be published:

"It will be interesting to Fleet Street to learn that Miss Louise Owen, having recently discovered some very important facts bearing on the will of the late Lord Northcliffe—facts which are vouched for by affidavits—has been advised to reopen the case."

Miss Owen has already spent a big sum on litigation.

We wish her luck in her latest effort, but we feel bound to remark that if Lord Northcliffe had been as keen on litigation, comparatively speaking, as Miss Owen, the will he left wouldn't have been worth fighting over.

Dubious

Certain Liverpool lawyers are using questionable methods to secure clients. They employ silver-tongued touts who call upon victims of street accidents and urge them to sue for compensation.

People so approached are assured that the benevolent lawyer will fight their case speculatively.

The touts have many sources of information, for even hospital porters and undertakers have been "tipped" to divulge names and addresses.

It is up to the Law Society to act at once.

A thin harvest

Some of the unemployed men who were sent out to Canada for the harvest last autumn are now receiving substantial little bills.

Mr. J. McKee, of 131, Elder Street, Govan, is one of these.

Mr. MacKenzie King is Canada's Premier. He must act

The only employment he had was a period of three weeks on the Canadian Pacific Railway at the rate of three dollars a day, from which one dollar was deducted for food. He was sent home after six weeks in Canada.

He has now received from his employment exchange a bill for £21 16s. on account of his passage to and from Canada. The Ministry of Labour claims that the passage money was only a loan, which must be repaid.

Will volunteers be asked to gather this year's harvest, we wonder?

He lay low

Recently an old horse was found straying in Dudley and impounded for ten days at a cost of about 5s. per day. It was later advertised and sold for 15s. The animal was in a dying condition.

No wonder there was no claimant, though it would have been worth while looking for him.

Heartbreaking

In spite of all the legislation that has been passed during the last fifteen years to protect allotment-holders, 500,000, we now estimate, have been evicted from their plots between 1918 and 1928.

With the average 10-rod plot, this vast army has already proved itself capable of raising £3,500,000 worth of vegetables annually.

The Board of Agriculture considers, apparently, that as we spend so much money abroad on foodstuffs an extra 3½ million pounds is neither here nor there.

A colony to close

For some years Mrs. Elsie Southgate, of Derby, has been drawing a handsome little income from her caravan colony in the suburb of Chaddesden.

Her fifteen odd vans are situated in a field and are rented out at sums varying from six to ten shillings a week. In one van a man is living with his wife and three children under deplorable conditions.

Neighbouring residents are determined that the colony must go. They refuse water to the van-dwellers, who are compelled to rely for their supply on a brook that is also a dumping-ground for refuse!

The local authorities should make a clean sweep of the colony. Mrs. Southgate will lose her income, but that is to be preferred to an epidemic and loss of life.

It beats the band

Taking jazz to America is rather like taking coals to Newcastle. None the less, our own Jack Hylton wished to take his British band to America, but a section of American musicians has decided on a campaign of obstruction which has made it almost impossible for him to accept the engagements offered him.

He found it almost impossible

The American Federation of Musicians has not had the courage to repudiate this opposition, although action by them, supporting Mr. Hylton, might have made all the difference.

They have forgotten that nine of the most lucrative band engagements in London alone are now held by American band leaders, and that within a square mile of Piccadilly Circus at least 160 American musicians are employed.

Not suit-able

Surely theatrical managements who expect actors and actresses to buy their own clothes for a new play should guarantee a minimum run—or pay a financial equivalent.

The custom is that in musical plays the management provide garments; in non-musical (modern) plays they do not. Recently an actor, long out of work, had to buy two new suits for a play that lasted four nights.

There is much to be said for the actor who, in discussing terms with his manager, exclaimed: "Pay me for rehearsals, laddie—*and I'll chuck in the run free!*"

India's women miners

Congratulations to the Viceroy and the Government of India for their attempt to put a stop to the employment of women underground in the coal and salt mines of India.

Last year there were known to be 32,000 women employed in this way, and the actual number was probably very much greater.

From July 1 women will not be allowed to work underground except in the coal mines of Bengal, Bihar and the Central Provinces, and in the salt mines of the Punjab.

In the exempted mines the number of women employed is to be cut down and female labour is to be done away with altogether by 1939.

A serious difficulty which has been met with in stopping this practice is that many Indian miners refuse to go underground unless accompanied by their women relatives.

We warned them

When Dr. Sanders invited the public to subscribe to his Sacambaya Exploration Co., Ltd., that was to wrest a valuable treasure from the wilds of Bolivia, we warned them to keep their money in their pockets. People who acted on their own judgment put up £25,000.

We wonder how they feel to-day on learning that nearly £20,000 of this has been spent and that the treasure is as far away as ever?

Now the doctor is talking of another expedition in 1930, for which he will require more money—and more mugs.

Sleepers awakening

The railways are satisfied, we hear, with the success of their third-class sleepers, and are proceeding to build more.

Yet it took twelve years of agitation to induce them to make a start.

Sticking to it

A case comes to our notice which shows most unsatisfactory administration of Naval Savings Bank accounts in the Post Office.

Mr. Leslie Kitchen, R.N.R., deposited over £50 between January and May, 1919, and says he has never drawn the money out. But the P.O. say it was drawn out in the same year, though all vouchers have been destroyed.

These accounts are often left stagnant for more than ten years, and when money is drawn out the P.O. ought to have vouchers to show for it.

Mr. Kitchen has secured the redoubtable aid of Mr. Walter Runciman, who expects to come back to Westminster.

We saw him

We hear of many complaints against reckless char-a-banc drivers, but we wish to congratulate the driver of No. 1 coach, belonging to the Polytechnic Association, Regent Street.

When he was conveying a party through north-west London, a child suddenly shot across his path. With incredible skill he just managed to avoid it and passed on as if it were all in the day's work. Good fellow!

Worth testing

It is to be hoped that the Mines Department will give earnest consideration to the invention of a new safety device by a Rhondda Valley collier named Harry Hanks.

The invention is a steel shield to protect men engaged in clearing "falls" in a pit from falling rock or timber.

Such a device, if it is found to be practical, would prove a real boon. There must therefore be no delay in testing its merits. Safety must come first—not last.

What does he mean?

A box number advertisement in a Northern newspaper declares that a "gentleman, with young, sporty wife," would welcome the company of a few "broadminded single gents," to whom "every attraction" would be offered.

The announcement concludes with the word "genuine." We trust it is.

And we trust, also, that the advertisement manager satisfied himself on that point before inserting such an ambiguously worded announcement.

A village Stiggins

When a social club at Little Wakering, Essex, approached the Southend magistrates for an extra hour's grace at the club bar it was promptly refused.

So the villagers must curtail their festivities and go home early to bed.

There is little to relieve the monotony of village life, and to have the damper put on a social function in this manner is not rendered less bitter by the realisation that clubs in London and the big towns can and do hold extension nights regularly.

Breaking hearts with stones

In London alone in recent months out of seventy-five men who were ordered on stone-breaking in casual wards thirty-one had to be removed from the list by the advice of ward medical officers.

We hope that before he leaves office as Minister of Health Mr. Chamberlain will find time to institute a searching enquiry into this whole barbarous system of stone-breaking in casual wards. It is out of date and degrading.

Why the fee?

Answering a small advertisement calling for a "general handyman," a reader was surprised to receive a circular from one, Richard Barclay, of 38, Alma Road, Sidcup, Kent.

Barclay calls himself an "employment specialist," but he has no work to offer. He is only "proposing" to conduct a campaign to point out the advantages of employing men for odd jobs in view of the shortage of female domestic servants.

Those who wish can register with him on "spec.," if they pay him 5s. Our reader does not wish. We don't blame him.

MY HEART-TO-HEART

Talk on the "Talkies"

by EDGAR WALLACE

The author—film director, novelist, racing expert, and everything else in one

Here you see Edgar Wallace comfortably directing a scene in his latest film from the corner of a settee. Looks easy the way he does it

THE talkies are the landlady's cat to the theatrical profession; heaven knows what they are going to be to the company promoters.

You know the old joke so popular in the Victorian age about the lodger who, when he complained to his landlady that his food was missing, was told that the cat had eaten it.

To-day the cat has come to life again.

Any producer who takes an extravagant view of the merits of a play and discovers that the public does not agree with him, any actor who cannot draw an audience (because of a bad play), any theatrical speculator who loses his money in trying to foist upon the West End an entertainment that would be hooted in Wigan, come to a unanimous conclusion that talkies are killing the theatre.

A couple of years ago sporting writers were screaming at the top of their voices that dog-racing was killing the Turf. In three years' time, say the present-day prophets, racecourses in England will be sold for building-land.

In three years' time, say the present-day prophets, there will be only half-a-dozen theatres in London, the rest will be talkie palaces.

And so everybody is preparing feverishly for a talkie boom, and the dud producing companies will be banding themselves together in a new talkie concern, and we shall read sensational announcements of new British talkie companies which are going to lick the world.

It is not an easy business running a British producing company, as I can testify.

If you allowed yourself to be stampeded by the sensational happenings of the past six months, it would be a disastrous business.

BRITISH production companies in any case cannot possibly make a profit on their first year of trading, because a film takes a long time to make, a long time to book, and it is a long time before money can come in, and the difficulties that face the production companies are greater than most people imagine.

This has been a bad year for exhibitors. The King's illness and the cold weather of the winter played havoc with the exhibitors' profits. An enquiry at the old-established cinema houses of the West End will confirm this fact.

Happy are those production companies which have not sunk the whole of their capital in enormous super-productions, but have felt their way forward cautiously and have fluid capital to apply themselves to the new craze.

I call it a craze without suggesting that the talkie is a thing of the moment, or that in a year or so's time the desire to see English screen peers talking with an American accent will be sated.

The talkie has come to stay, and the producer who is banking upon the silent film as the film of the future should see a Harley Street specialist.

Exactly what form the talkie will take, whether it will be noisy from start to finish, or whether it will consist in bringing out the high spots of the story, remains to be seen.

If the talking film is a permanent form of entertainment, as I believe it to be, then certainly the English producing companies should have nothing to fear, because talkies are cheaper to make, English voices are pre-eminently the best for reproduction, and we have other advantages in England which neither America nor any other country possesses.

I DON'T know how many excuses have been offered for the failure of the British-made film.

We are told that we have not the types of beauty, we are told that Great Britain is unsuitable for film-making because of its horrible climate and especially of its light (I personally shot an outdoor scene last February which is as good, from the point of view of photography and light, as anything you would get in Hollywood), and we have very good reasons advanced for scrapping our studios and surrendering the British film industry into American hands.

One of the reasons most persistently advanced is that our films are barred in America and our own personal market is so small that it is hardly worth while attempting to compete with Hollywood.

There is a Quota Act which compels exhibitors to show a certain number of British films a year.

That Quota Act may not have done us a tremendous amount of good; it may have tempted us to spend a tremendous lot of money subscribed by British shareholders, but it has certainly cost America considerably over a million pounds.

I don't know the exact figure, but let us put it at a million. Does anybody in his senses imagine that the shrewd men associated with the American film industry are going to take the loss of even a million without a battle?

It is an open secret that great American companies are prepared to spend enormous sums in propaganda to destroy the Quota Act. They are being assisted very considerably by the British producing companies themselves.

There is, as it happens, no need for the foreigner to spend a penny, for the talkies themselves look like nullifying the Quota Act.

British studios are empty, and only in two or three is any attempt being made to produce sound films, or indeed any kind of films. This will mean that there will not be sufficient pictures produced to make up the quota.

WHY the British film industry is in this position heaven only knows. The talkies did not come out of the blue.

Old-established production companies, as distinct from the new concerns which were getting their studios into working order, had opportunities to meet the competition when it arrived.

One bad film succeeds another.

There are times when I feel that the poverty of our own productions is a justification for the Quota Act being thrown on to the scrap-heap.

From an inside knowledge one tries to reduce to first causes the comparative failure of British films, and in order to get a practical understanding of the reasons, I undertook, to the consternation of my directors, the task of making a film myself.

I can well understand their agitation, because I had never spent more than half an hour in a film studio, but the technique was no mystery to me.

In twenty-eight working days I made a picture the artistic value of which will be decided by the long-suffering exhibitor—the man whom the Quota Act has really hurt.

I made the picture because I had reached the conclusion that what is wrong with the British film is the director.

There are only about three competent film directors in England; the greater proportion of the others are fakes. Any property man who comes from Hollywood with an American accent and a big cigar can persuade a production company to give him a picture to make.

If he talks long enough and puts a big enough price upon his services, his offer is accepted. He may have been an electrician, or a third cameraman, or a fourth assistant producer, but if he whispers that blessed word "Hollywood" all the English producing companies open their doors to him.

He proceeds to impress the child-like directors of a film company by demanding that the equipment of the studio should be changed.

If the lighting is incandescent, he will have arcs; if there are arcs and incandescent lights, he will have mercuries.

He will bring with him half a dozen needy compatriots who, under certain grand titles, constitute his staff.

To show that he is a real producer, he will be dissatisfied with every set that is put up, every "property" that is made.

FOR months he will dawdle through his picture, spending money like water, keeping artistes hanging about the studio from morning till night, and in the end he will produce a picture on which he will stick the label "Super"—and the producing company will find itself face to face with another deficit.

I am not so sure that he is any worse than his English *confrère*—the type of Britisher who works a similar gigantic confidence-trick and who hasn't even the technical knowledge which will enable him to hide up his ignorance.

None of these gigantic hoaxes could be worked if the administration of the film industry was in capable hands. Promoters are, as a rule, more interested in names than in brains.

The average director of a producing company is entirely in the hands of his managing director, and he is more concerned with the finances of the company than with its artistic creations.

I do not speak feelingly, because I have had an experience which is an exception to the rule.

The trouble is that the best brains have not been attracted to this industry. We not only haven't the best, but we haven't even the next best. The industry has been treated as a joke, and the immediate consequence of directorial incompetence has been profitable to the bad producer, and has resulted in a flood of unshowable pictures.

We have been badly left in the race, and only the most revolutionary and drastic changes in our methods can bring us the benefit which our great advantages in human material deserve.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

A Derby Bannockburn

"L.G.'s" Private Songbird—The Last Act—Hollywood's Only Rival

Mr A. M. MacROBERT, K.C.,
Lord Advocate for Scotland

SIR,—If the law *must* be an ass, it need not necessarily be a silly ass!

I am surprised that you should listen to the bleating of the Scottish Anti-Gambling League and approve a ban on all Derby sweepstakes in Scotland.

I know that lotteries are illegal, just as I know that travelling by train on a Sunday is illegal.

We must not lose our sense of proportion. What on earth is there wrong in having a little flutter on the Derby? Is it any more wicked than gambling on the Stock Exchange?

No reasonable person would deprive the man in the street of his annual Derby flutter. Even in thinking of prosecutions you are pandering to a parcel of cranks.

Far be it from me to encourage a nation of gamblers, but the Derby sweepstake is a national institution as popular as the Cup Final.

JOHN BULL.

The NIGHTINGALE,
Churt

IMMORTAL BIRD.—I condole with you. That you, sweet singer of the centuries, aloof from personalities and Parties, should be dragged into politics!

When you burst into full-throated song at Mr. Lloyd George's garden gathering, staunch Liberals cried that it was a message of victory.

At least, so they said in the papers.

You have never, they said, sung so early in the year. Can it be that you, too, have fallen victim to the hypnotic spell of the wizard from Wales?

And are you joining his publicity staff?

JOHN BULL.

The BOARD OF GUARDIANS,
Manchester

GENTLEMEN,—I trust that this message from me will deter you from perpetrating what I can only describe as as mean an action as any board of guardians could have to its discredit.

Because many people who receive from you a few shillings in out-relief are also the recipients of a small dividend from the local Co-operative Society you contemplate making a deduction in their allowance.

Have conscience, gentlemen. Scrap the idea right away.

JOHN BULL.

Inspector P. J. BUSBY,
Derby Police

DEAR INSPECTOR,—You may have noticed that last week I exposed the secret cock-fight pits that are a blot on the fair name of Sport in this country to-day.

You are one of the few who have realised that the evil was rampant, and for years you have been attempting to stamp it out in your district.

If the police of other towns and cities would follow your splendid example there would quickly be an end to this blood-stained "pastime."

JOHN BULL.

Earl BALFOUR, K.G., F.R.S.,
Fisher's Hill, Woking

MY LORD,—Hail and Farewell! The last act of your long and illustrious public career has been played, and the curtain fell as you presided over the meeting of the Privy Council at Craigweil House, when His Majesty signed the instrument dissolving Parliament.

You carry into retirement with you many memories. May I ask you especially to remember, when you regret that your battles are over, how deeply we honour you as a doughty fighter, a fine statesman, and a great gentleman?

That the evening of your days may be filled with golden sunshine is the wish of

JOHN BULL.

Mr. VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON,
Renowned Explorer

DEAR SIR,—Lecturing at Oxford, you exploded the myth of the Arctic, by pointing out that the Polar regions are not nearly so cold as we imagine; and that they have been exploited by many bogus "explorers," who by tales of their terrible adventures have magnified themselves into heroes.

Well done! As an Arctic explorer of scientific distinction, your words strike me as particularly wholesome.

Next time anyone comes back from the Arctic with a shivering yarn of terror, I shall know what to think of him.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. FRANCIS L. OTTLEY,
St. Paul's Vicarage, Goodmayes, Essex

DEAR VICAR,—Congratulations on your invitation to an anonymous letter writer to meet you in the open and discuss the complaints he has made to your bishop.

You have proved that you have nothing to hide and do not fear criticism. You have proved also that the only way to deal with mud-slingers who lurk behind a hidden identity is to publicly trounce them.

With more people of your strength of character these pests would soon be stamped out for ever.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JAMES MARCHANT,
Chairman, Cinema Commission

DEAR SIR JAMES,—There are thousands of purists who rail at the unsuitable film entertainments provided for children, but few who suggest an alternative.

You, however, have actually provided one, and it is indeed good news to hear that Saturday morning shows of bright educational films are to become a feature of the city child's life.

You will find, I think, that the kiddies will be more thrilled and entertained by clean films of decent, everyday interest than by any picture of passion and horror from Hollywood.

Carry on with the good work, sir.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRANK BRIANT,
6, Lambeth Walk, S.E.

MY DEAR BRIANT,—Had we more of your type at Westminster this would be a happier and more progressive country.

You are not one of those who regard a constituency as a necessary evil and your constituents as a necessary nuisance.

You have devoted forty-three years to serving those you represent in the House.

You live among them and work for them. In a single year 2,000 people go to you for advice; in addition, you participate in almost every branch of social work.

The real friend of the under-dog, you put principle before Party. My best wishes, sir, for a thumping majority.

JOHN BULL.

JAMES CONWAY,
Castle Street, Hamilton

SIR,—I hope that when you are released from jail you will endeavour to make amends to the daughter you have treated with such brutality. When the poor kiddie was given a new pair of shoes to replace the leaking and broken pair she was wearing, you ordered her to take them off and sell them in the street for 1s. 9d.

And because she did not carry out your suggestion you kicked her on the back with your booted foot and struck such terror into her that she fled to the police for protection.

You're the sort of cad I would like to see flogged.

JOHN BULL.

Miss MARY LEVICK,
L.C.C. Parks Patrol

DEAR MADAM,—There must have been very good reasons why the Highgate magistrates (including two of your own sex) refused to convict the man you dragged to court on a charge of having insulted you when on duty.

Having been insulted once, you stated that you arranged to have the man arrested by a prearranged signal with the park inspectors.

There is something wrong here. The methods you employ as a parks patrol should be enquired into.

I don't like the look of things.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

SIR LAWRENCE WEAVER: "Every industry has a history that is part of human history."

Which makes it all the more important not to write its current history in terms of human suffering.

* * *

EARL BEAUCHAMP: "There is no prouder task than to overcome this great evil of unemployment."

Then why shouldn't men of good-will of all Parties be proud to combine for the task?

* * *

MR. A. B. HOUGHTON: "There is a movement afoot among the masses against war."

And it will be political suicide for the "classes" if they don't back it.

* * *

LADY ASTOR: "The world is made better by people with the physical and moral courage of the present Government."

Don't forget that "Good wine needs no bush."

The Sentence of the Court

FANNY'S *Fluttering* HEART

—wells over with bad advice

RAISING her begloved hand in a nautical salute, Fanny Lucy Houston blithely pleaded "Not guilty" of apprehensive behaviour.

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., is not unknown to fame, for it may be remembered that when she inherited a trifle of £7,000,000 from her late husband, who had domiciled himself in the Channel Islands, there was some anxiety regarding the death duties.

"Since then Lady Houston has acquired a taste for the limelight, a taste which she gratified when she accompanied a donation to the miners' fund with an essay on 'the serpent of discontent called trade unionism.'

"And now, just when we had mercifully forgotten this episode, she has chosen to remind us of her existence by issuing a comic communique to 'the young and beautiful girls' of England.

"'You, the young and beautiful girls of England,' she burbles, 'have it in your power to save the country. . . . It was the trade union Socialist leaders who beggared and brought misery to the miners; for, when these miners were all employed, getting good wages, and perfectly satisfied, these Socialist leaders bullied, forced and pushed them into a strike.'

"This weird screed is dated from Lady Houston's steam yacht *Liberty* (after all, what's in a name?), where, apparently her ladyship sat shivering with fear while the crew were shivering their timbers. As a result, she discovered that 'England is in deadly peril—the peril of being crushed under the heel of Socialism.'

"If we are to be saved, the women (God bless 'em!) must grip the demon by the throat, thus stamping out the conflagration before its breakers submerge the entire country beneath their heels—or words to that effect.

"And, when this is done, 'what a thrilling, romantic moment it will be!' chortles Fanny Lucy. 'Each of the five million of you will proudly feel that you have saved England.'"

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that Lady Houston's literary style might be all over the shop, but her heart was in the right place. Her version of the mining lock-out was not, of course, strictly accurate, but her letter should be considered not as an historical manuscript, but as a heart-stirring human document.

"It is really time," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that publicity-hunters gave up the habit of treating women voters as rabbit-witted dolls, who can be flattered by being told that they are young and beautiful (which many of them, under-nourished and overworked, are painfully aware that they are *not*).

"Nobody would expect to snare votes by addressing male electors as 'You young and lovely boys,' and it is high time that a method which underrates female intelligence were cast overboard from Lady Houston's scrumptious yacht.

"Also, we are tired of being told that England is on the verge of disaster and can be saved only by obeying the voting orders of some wealthy and politically ignorant women.

"If Fanny's First Play was a farce, this latest effort of hers is a grotesque bellowdrama, so I must direct that she and her *Liberty* be confined to the ten-mile limit until after polling-day."

He Dreams of Marble Hauls

Quilliam said he would turn this wilderness into a casino. The old chateau formed part of a get-rich-quick scheme. That odd statue on the other side of the page shows Quilliam's own idea of himself as a Napoleon of business

FUGITIVE FINANCIER'S IMPUDENT COME-BACK

LONDON has just entertained unawares an uninvited guest, a Napoleon of finance, who arrived unheralded from the Continent a week or two ago and has since conducted a number of mysterious interviews in his private suite at a fashionable West End hotel.

Hundreds of people in this country, who lost their savings in a three-quarter-of-a-million pound company crash a year or two ago, will wonder whether they are missing the chance of a lifetime.

They will be amazed to read the disclosures we are now able to make. So will Lord Justice Lawrence, who ordered the winding-up of this ill-fated concern, and Mr. E. T. A. Phillips, the Assistant-Official Receiver, who dealt with its complicated affairs in liquidation.

We refer to the Direct Fish Supplies, Ltd., whose leading light, Mr. William Henry Bilal Quilliam, fled from the country at the time of the crash, armed with a passport enabling him to travel through twelve foreign countries.

All efforts to bring him back to face his creditors proved futile.

Better than fish

But a week or two ago, feeling that the storm had blown over, Quilliam, who has been living an exile in the sunshine of the South of France, boldly returned to London and put up at the Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria.

His object, his creditors and victims will be astounded to discover, is to find further capital for a new venture.

He is bent upon exploiting something far more enduring than fish, and talks blithely of the millions to be made out of marble.

Quilliam, who is vain to a degree, and who glories in postcard caricatures depicting him as the modern Napoleon, is now "Monsieur Le Président due Conseil d'Administration de la Société Anonyme Marbronx."

In plain English, this means that he is the guiding star in the Marbronx Company, Limited, registered under the laws of France.

The literature of this concern, which is full of Quilliam's quips and magniloquence, was obviously first designed to induce French people to part with money. But, as Quilliam has shown that he is after capital in this country, too, some details of the scheme will be of value.

The Marbronx Company, with headquarters at Nice, was formed with a nominal capital of 3,000,000 francs, and investors are promised a return of 40 per cent., payable quarterly.

The prospectus heavily emphasises the unique qualifications Quilliam possesses for guiding this venture to success.

The people of France are told that he is "a great business man" and a "Doctor and Professor of High Finance" at the Société Internationale de Philologie et Londres.

Nothing, however, is said about his notorious company crash in this country; nor is it explained that the "Société" is an insignificant little affair run by a relative in London, who sells worthless degrees to unqualified men.

The Var district in the South of France, declares Quilliam, is rich in costly marble and onyx, the exploitation of which would yield millions.

The pity of it all, he adds, is that France never realises her potentialities until some pioneer has shown the way.

He is that pioneer!

His scheme will make a fortune for everyone in twelve years. . . . It will establish France in the world's marble market. . . . Instead of importing all her marble as at present, she will satisfy her own needs and find a surplus for export!

Saving France

Every investor who sinks money in the venture, declares Quilliam, will not only make money for himself: he will come to the rescue of France.

He speaks convincingly of a veritable Aladdin's Cave, 200 ft. beneath the earth's surface, where marble abounds—golden yellow, fiery red, pure white, "champagne cream," "Egyptian green," brown, pink, yellow, white with red veins, and even golden amber!

"I can get it all for France and You!" boasts Napoleon. "If you will come in with me."

But—it is odd that all the experts and financiers in France have hitherto ignored such a wonderful opportunity.

Quilliam certainly means business.

The company's articles allow its directors, of whom he is supreme, extraordinary latitude. They can spend the money as it comes in; they can go on appealing for capital as long as they choose; and they can fix their own salaries and fees.

Flimsy and rotten

Quilliam, who receives a large number of shares in recognition of his great talents, will undoubtedly look after his own interests in his old characteristic way.

French people can protect themselves against this impudent attempt to wring money from them. They can easily discover how flimsy and preposterous Quilliam's marble mine must be.

But if people on this side of the Channel fall for the dazzling lures which will follow his clandestine visit to London they should consult a mental specialist.

PHANTOM FORTUNE MAKERS

Bucket-Shop Trickery Exposed

JUST at the moment, when public interest centres upon giant Derby sweepstakes, dreams of quick leaps to fortune find popular favour, and a firm known as Debenham and Hall, Ltd., of Chancery Lane and Southampton Buildings, London, W.C., is ready to weave such dreams for the benefit of any credulous person who will listen to them.

Posing as "investment brokers," Debenham and Hall, Ltd., send out attractive circulars to people who are known to hold shares in reputable companies.

Without offering any explanation for their philanthropy, they profess to be in a position to offer a number of the same shares at slightly less than the prevailing market price, and "free of commission."

Their generosity goes even further, for they do not want those favoured by their benevolence to pay cash down. They will accept a small deposit and leave the balance for a month or more.

Emphasis is laid upon the soundness of the shares and the fact that they are "officially quoted on the Stock Exchange."

Any experienced investor would at once wonder why Debenham and Hall, Ltd., should be willing to part with such valuable shares on disadvantageous terms to themselves, instead of selling them on the Stock Exchange and reaping the benefit of the current market price. But this philanthropic firm is bent upon finding a fair proportion of mugs amongst those circularised.

A SIGNIFICANT fact is that when anyone offers to buy the shares outright from them, Debenham and Hall, Ltd., regret that they are no longer available.

They are out only for deposits, and once these have been received they show a marked reluctance to deliver the scrip.

In one instance, where a gentleman paid a deposit of £60 on certain shares, and the time fell due for the completion of the transaction, the investor informed Messrs. Debenham and Hall that his bankers would conclude matters on his behalf.

Debenham and Hall, Ltd., naturally had no wish to have their preposterous proposition scrutinised by an experienced bank manager, so they refused to complete the deal on the grounds that it would not be "in order" to do so on the lines suggested by their client.

As this was the first time he had ever heard of bankers being "outlawed" in this way, this gentleman thought it would be "in order" if he consulted a solicitor.

He was right, for the solicitor recovered his £60 for him by threatening Debenham and Hall with a writ.

As a matter of fact, this shady firm usually refunds the spoils when pressure is brought to bear upon it, but many mugs do not realise this possibility.

The firm also deals in dubious "option" transactions, a form of financial gambling that has been condemned in Stock Exchange circles for years.

IN spite of its businesslike literature, Debenham and Hall, Ltd., is nothing more than a blatant bucket-shop, and is certainly not recognised on the Stock Exchange.

Its principals are Nance St. Clare and a Mr. and Mrs. Wright, and although it professes to deal in "parcels" of valuable stock, its paid-up capital is exactly £813.

A Nightmare *Institution*

Rats, Rags, and Soggy Tack

A queue of workless Londoners waiting outside an employment exchange. Belmont, whose shape looms across the queue, is no place for them

SOMETHING is radically wrong with the present administration of the London Industrial Colony at Belmont, Surrey. This fact is clear from the numerous complaints which reach us from time to time from men who have spent varying periods there.

The London Industrial Colony is an institution to which men paupers may be sent from all parts of London at the discretion of local guardians, the only stipulation being that they should be able-bodied and ready to perform set duties as a contribution towards their maintenance.

Theoretically the system is justifiable, for it is obviously better that temporarily distressed men should be given some occupation rather than be left to draw the "dole."

Actually, however, existing conditions at Belmont must cause dissatisfaction.

Filthy and degrading

Here is a passage from a complaint received from a JOHN BULL reader who entered the London Industrial Colony during a period of unemployment:

"The institution is in a filthy condition, and the food is insufficient for the maintenance of men. . . . The bedding here is in a disgraceful state, with dirty pillow and mattresses."

This is typical of many complaints, but it by no means exhausts the causes for dissatisfaction amongst inmates.

One very sore point with most of the men is that they are provided with clothing unworthy and humiliating.

Old, patched naval trousers are sometimes issued, while some men have protested that they have been forced to wear old German military tunics, patched up with odd sleeves. Others, again, receive old khaki tunics.

While these men, whose sole offence is that they are temporarily destitute, do not expect to be furnished with elaborate wardrobes, they resent being clothed in oddments that would disgrace the meanest old-clothes shop.

Nor do such preposterous garments help distressed men to retain their self-respect. Clothes make the man, and the practice of dealing out any old rags can only add unnecessarily to their wearer's degradation.

Another complaint is that the dormitories are overrun with rats, which swarm and fight in such numbers when the lights are extinguished that sleep is impossible.

In short, the men at the London Industrial Colony endure infinitely worse living conditions than the inmates of His Majesty's prisons. One man with personal experience of both institutions declares that he got better bread in prison.

The bread at Belmont has been well described as "dark and soggy," and the food generally is questionable in quality and insufficient in quantity.

Do not imagine that these complaints represent merely the exaggerated protests of disgruntled men who resent being called upon to perform work for their upkeep.

Impartial

That there are ample grounds for many of their complaints is fully borne out by the considered opinion of three impartial gentlemen of public standing who recently paid a surprise visit to the institution.

They were appalled by the conditions.

The men's clothing struck them as "a hideous caricature." They found the kitchen stinking with grease and cooking, while the ventilation was abominable. All that had been said about the food was confirmed.

On considering the task work allotted to inmates, they formed the conclusion that it was futile and of no lasting good to the men.

Immediate steps

They even went so far as to suggest that the institution was inefficient and valueless as either a reformatory or penal colony.

In these circumstances, surely boards of guardians will stop sending unemployed men from their districts to such an institution.

With these disclosures before him, the Minister of Health should take immediate steps to ensure that those responsible for the administration of the London Industrial Colony put their house in order.

THE HOT *Potato Man*

"If it's Scotch—it's us"

FROM places as far apart as Liverpool and West Hartlepool readers have just written to us complaining of the unsatisfactory trading methods practised by a man "trading" as the Midlothian Potato Company, of Applegate Street, Leicester.

Attracted in the first place by advertisements offering consignments of potatoes at bargain rates, they trustingly sent remittances through the post.

Then followed a long wait; and when they wrote to remind the company that their orders were still outstanding, it was strangely silent.

They will certainly never see the promised potatoes, nor are they likely to get a penny back.

Widespread net

They have walked unwittingly into a widespread net. The alluring advertisements were inserted deliberately to trap them, and the Midlothian Potato Company is nothing more than a convenient trading cloak for a hardened rogue named James Reid Ross.

He appeared in Leicester a few weeks ago, established himself in a temporary "warehouse," and proceeded to carry out a systematic plan of campaign.

Apart from his postal offers of potato bargains, Ross also advertised locally for a man to take charge of his warehouse.

One applicant who interviewed Ross was told that the headquarters of the Midlothian Potato Company were situated in Dumfries, but that Ross was at present engaged in touring the country with the object of establishing a number of new branches.

His story was plausible, and was well backed up by the large numbers of orders which Ross was by that time beginning to receive through the post.

Good faith

The applicant thought that here was an excellent opportunity for getting into a flourishing business, and agreed to deposit £20 as a sign of good faith and on the understanding that he would be appointed immediately.

When he next called, however, he found the warehouse closed, and, upon making enquiries, he learnt that quite a number of people were asking for Mr. Ross, who had suddenly disappeared, leaving no traces behind him.

The Midlothian Potato Company is a name completely misused by him, for James Reid Ross is a "free lance" in crime, and just prior to his lightning Leicester coup he paid a passing call in Coventry, where he was successful in obtaining considerable goods by false pretences.

One of his victims was a chemist, at whose shop Ross made a number of purchases, and who is now very sorry indeed that he obliged the potato merchant by cashing a cheque for £11 11s.

When the chemist passed through this cheque to his bank it was promptly returned, marked "R.D."

But by that time, of course, the plausible Mr. Ross had left the city and was practising his little swindles elsewhere.

In another instance, Ross visited a provincial boot-shop, and after making one small purchase, prevailed upon the management to accept a cheque for £5 5s. and to hand him the change. This cheque was likewise dishonoured.

Mr. Charles Hawkins, President of the Association for the Prevention of Fraudulent Trading, should scotch Ross

Although the police have received many complaints about his versatile activities, he has so far eluded all efforts to run him to earth.

Some of the cheques passed by him have been signed in an assumed name and bear the title "Midlothian Potato Company," applied with a rubber stamp.

Cheques he has latterly cashed have nearly all been drawn upon the Coventry branch of a famous bank.

The motto on this impudent impostor's printed matter is: "If it's Scotch—it's us!"

Go to the police

We strongly urge all readers who have been victimised to report the fact to their local police to assist in "scotching" this Scottish swindler.

The fact that his postal victims are widely scattered makes prosecution difficult from the point of view of the police, but there is no doubt that Ross is a promising candidate for a well-deserved term in jail.

We hope he will soon be called to account.

AT THE MARBLE ARCH!

Anticipating the enormous interest in the General Election, JOHN BULL has made arrangements to flash the results as they come through on May 30 on a screen outside the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch.

A rapid service has been installed which will enable tens of thousands to know the results immediately they are received. Every JOHN BULL reader in London should be there.

A PICCADILLY PARENT PLUCKER

Surveyor's Strange Companies

Sir Patrick Bellingham, a director of the Coulsdon Court Estates, Ltd.—who also lost money—and a little bit of those golf-links

PARENTS seeking careers for their sons should be extremely wary if they wish to avoid the snares set for them by enterprising individuals bent only on lining their own pockets.

Some time ago, a retired naval officer, whose son had completed his education, answered an advertisement offering training in surveying, and, as a result, interviewed a Mr. Rowland Thomas Stuart, then of Victoria Street, London, S.W., but latterly of Piccadilly.

The father handed over £250 as a premium for his son's apprenticeship, on the understanding that the lad received a salary of £100 for two years, rising to £150 in the third.

Mr. Stuart undertook personally to supervise the boy's training, and to give him a thorough grounding in all branches of the estate-agent's, auctioneer's and surveyor's business.

The lad's first duties were in connection with a company known as the Coulsdon Court Estates, Ltd.

Mr. Stuart's wife was a director of this concern, and its registered offices were identical with those of her husband in Victoria Street.

The Coulsdon Court Estates, Ltd., was then running the Coulsdon Golf Course, and the new "pupil" was posted to its office at Coulsdon, where he found little to occupy his days.

As time went by things did not go at all according to expectations.

Washed his hands

An ex-Army officer who joined Stuart and invested £1,500 in another of the latter's companies called Bedford and Kent, Ltd., grew so dissatisfied that he demanded the return of his money, and washed his hands of the whole business.

The lad, however, still stayed on. Presently he was joined by another man whom Stuart had secured through an advertisement. The newcomer parted with £2,000 for shares in Bedford and Kent, Ltd.

A little later he left Coulsdon and finally dissociated himself from Stuart and all his works. All he has to-day are the share certificates, which are utterly worthless.

So far, of course, the lad had received practically no tuition as an estate-agent, and his father was disgusted to learn that a retired major, who had been appointed as secretary to the Coulsdon Golf Club on a small salary, was being bombarded with personal writs for debts incurred on behalf of Coulsdon Court Estates, Ltd.

Believing that this concern was sound—particularly as Sir Patrick Bellingham, D.S.O., was now on its board—this ex-major signed orders to tradesmen and found himself held personally responsible to the extent of some thousands of pounds.

Liquidation

Then suddenly the Coulsdon Court Estates, Ltd., went into liquidation; and the naval officer's son was told to return to the Piccadilly office.

Stuart explained that all the trouble at Coulsdon had arisen over mortgages, and he now suggested that if the youth cared to become a fully-fledged director of Bedford and Kent it would be to his advantage.

His father was approached, parted with a further £500, and his boy was made a director. But as time passed Stuart's promises did not materialise and relations between Stuart and the new director grew strained.

The latter's salary was in arrears, and a month or so ago he left in disgust. Efforts to recover the money invested on his behalf have completely failed.

We are not surprised at this, for Rowland Stuart has been associated with several companies that have come to grief.

While he was engaged in the above transactions, Stuart was actually an undischarged bankrupt, having failed for nearly £4,000, following a series of dubious building transactions through which other people managed to lose their money.

Mr. Registrar Mellor put a spoke in Stuart's wheel

When he applied to Mr. Registrar Mellor for his discharge in 1924, it was suspended for three years.

Not a stick of personal furniture could be seized by his creditors, and his assets consisted solely of worthless shares which he held in one of his own rotten companies.

Several judgments have been registered against him, the most notable arising from an action brought against him by a Mr. Holt.

This man alleged that Stuart had obtained £1,000 from him by fraudulent misrepresentation.

Not a penny

Although Stuart at first entered a defence to this action, he subsequently withdrew it, and judgment was entered against him.

The successful litigant has never received back a penny, so he only threw good money after bad in trying to bring the evasive Stuart to book.

We hope that this account of his operations will stop further victims from walking into Stuart's palatial offices in Piccadilly.

TERROR *in the* PLAYGROUND

Protect the children from prowling vice

Little Ellen Brown, the baby victim of a vile outrage

THE other day the seven-year-old daughter of Mrs. Brown, of Parkville Road, Fulham, went out to play with a little girl friend on Putney Heath.

While they were playing, a strange man came up to them and suggested that they should all join in a little game together.

The children innocently agreed, whereupon the stranger made them take it in turns to sit upon a tree stump and count a hundred while he and the other went off to hide.

The game ended abruptly, and the stranger disappeared as suddenly as he had come. Then both children ran home to their parents in great agitation, complaining that they had been molested.

In one case at least examination by a police surgeon confirmed the child's dreadful story, but there was no hope of tracing the evil-minded reprobate responsible.

Ample evidence unhappily exists to show that terrible dangers surround little children who may chance to play unattended on our open spaces.

It is scandalous that beautiful playgrounds should be unsafe for the little ones and serve as happy hunting-grounds for ghouls who prey upon them.

* * *

The horror is brought forcibly home to us when we remember that there is a home at Waddon, near Croydon, where little children who have fallen into the clutches of such fiends are received for treatment.

Their ages range from two to twelve years, and some of these little ones are so haunted and tortured by memories of their dreadful experiences that they flee, in terror at the sight of any man.

In spite of all these concrete examples, there are no records of prosecutions against the men responsible for the evil. Corroborative evidence is generally necessary for a conviction, and this is difficult to get.

Recently a deputation consisting of representatives of ten local bodies of organised women in the borough of Hampstead was received by the Parks and Open Spaces Committee of the London County Council.

This deputation, which included trained nurses, J.P.s and borough councillors, asked for a greatly increased number of policewomen for duty on Hampstead Heath.

PREVENTION is always better than cure, and if playgrounds can be made safe for children by establishing a regular patrol of women police, let this step be taken with all possible speed.

The care and protection of children is essentially women's work, and we heartily support the deputation in its demands. Meanwhile, authorities in other parts would do well to tackle the problem in the same spirit.

SNAP IT UP!

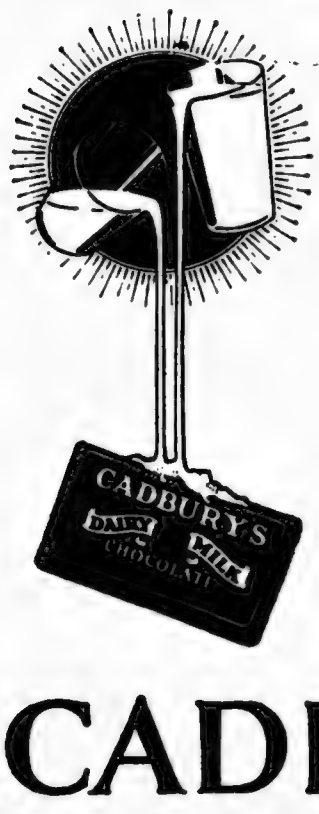
BE QUICK—if you want to be one of the lucky ones who receive a free "J.B. Ensign" Camera.

Whitsun opens the holiday season in earnest. And you would like to bring back picture memories of happy days like this one, wouldn't you?

This jolly kiddie was snapped with a "J.B. Ensign"—so turn to page 16 and make sure that you store up the golden moments of your holidays by means of our great free camera offer.

But hurry, or you will be too late.

George Duncan tastes the cream!



"I or my caddy always have a slab of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate at hand as we go round the course. I like Cadbury's because I can taste the cream in it and a bite now and again satisfies without making me thirsty."

Geo Duncan

Think! A glass and a half of the freshest, full-cream, English milk, rich in the Sunshine Vitamin "D," goes into every ½ lb. block. No wonder George Duncan can taste the cream!

2D. BARS 6D. PACKETS
HALF POUND 1/-

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CHOCOLATE

MADE IN JB

DELIVERED

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20/-
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EVERY INSTRUMENT GUARANTEED for 20 YEARS

The action is replete with every modern improvement known to the trade—Iron frame, check action, full compass, full trichord, bushed keys, etc. The touch is delicate and tone full, pure and resonant.

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An extremely neat, good-looking instrument of excellent quality and wonderfully clear and powerful tone, complete with a whole concert programme of Records, 20 selections.

Size closed, 14½ins

The GRAVES PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE is covered with waterproof leather cloth, nickel-plated corners, spring fasteners, & carrying handle. Smooth-running motor, 10in Turntable, speed regulator, and starting & stopping device. The Sound Box reproduces with amazing fidelity. Receptacle in lid for Records. Price complete £3.10.0

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Write for Catalogue of Horn, Hornless, Cabinet and Portable models. List of needle Records post free.

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These are the pioneers who won women the vote. Police arresting militant suffragettes in pre-war Downing Street

AUDACITY
ALONE CAN SAVE US
—says a
FLAPPER OF '29

A young woman who has just been given a vote sent this remarkable article to us, unknown and unsolicited.

We print it, because it tells you what that mysterious Miss X and her brother, who will decide the election, are thinking.

FELLOW-WOMEN of 1929! The journalist calls us "Flappers." The politician predicts that we shall make history this year.

Both declare that we have now full voice in a great democracy.

Let us smile and shake our heads.

What a legacy! . . . Nobody will call us "Flappers" when we have voted at a few elections at five-year intervals. That, under present conditions, will constitute our full share in democracy.

We shall have voted "Come back Peter, come back Paul," and realised our failure as our fathers did before us. Our great inheritance is mess, muddle and makebelieve.

To obtain votes for women did we chain ourselves to the politician's railings—well, we are chained there still; did we burn down his house. Unless we set a torch to new ideas and start another flaming fire, all has been in vain.

The Party votes of we young women are as useless as those of our brothers. Why then the puzzle, or why the fear, about what we are going to do? We can vote for Tweedledum, Tweedledee, or Tweedledumdee. That's all.

The one useful thing we might do is debarred—that is, vote against the absurd Party system.

Have we the saving grace of humour to view the General Election as a funny farce, even though it be yet another tragedy in the life of a nation?

Party means power

Whoever wins the election, a few Party men composing the Cabinet will hold all the power. For five long years the Member we elect will be almost as powerless as we who elected him.

If another Conservative Government is established? We have had that often before, and nothing happened.

A Liberal success will be nothing new. Our fathers had that too, and still went on hoping and waiting.

A Labour Government? We experienced one, in leading-strings certainly, but still a Labour Government. Its supporters said we should see the demise of the old-time politician and some real up-to-date ideas.

What new ideas did we see?

We watched another Party caucus drawn into the old ruts. "The mountain had been in labour and brought forth a mouse." Isn't it pathetic?

Each Party has had its innings, and whichever Party gets another, we shall still grow old watching and waiting.

All real progress has been due to the inventor and the scientist. These have conferred great benefits on mankind.

Can we say the same of the politician? Has *he* thought out plans to coincide with the altered conditions? Has he governed with a view to using these great benefits to best advantage? Are the people much happier?

One would almost desire to forget the poor achievements of the politician. His methods have not changed in a century. His speeches at this election are practically identical with those of his great-grandfather.

Nobody could call him an inventive genius. He lives on memories of the past, trotting out old formulas of grandpa's to do service in the altered conditions of to-day.

Fellow "Flappers," if we are a new force in politics, let us have some new ideas.

Not good enough

Tinker, tax and tarry are not good enough. Let us invent a plan to curb the stranglehold of the Party system. Watch the merry twinkle in the eye of our young brother as we enlist him in the plot.

Our conspiracy is nothing terrible. The remedy is obviously a dictatorship. The dictator must not be a reactionary on the one hand, nor an extremist on the other. The only possible dictator fulfilling these conditions is the people.

The Party politicians' programmes contain nothing new. Suppose we startle them with ours. Here it is:

1. The Second Ballot. Is it not unfair for any Member to become elected if a majority have voted against him?

2. Every measure passed by Parliament to be submitted to the "Yea" or "Nay" of the people on referendum day each year.

Who more than ourselves should say whether we want a measure or not? The politician thinks he knows best, but bitter experience teaches us otherwise. He says we should make mistakes. Well, they will be *our* mistakes.

3. Power to initiate legislation outside Parliament. Any elector to have power to draft a Bill. Providing he has the support of a given percentage of the electorate, his Bill must be considered by Parliament.

Otherwise, it shall go to the people on next referendum day. If thrown out or amended, and yet again ratified by the initiator's supporters, it shall be put forward next referendum day.

Possibly this election will be indecisive. In that case our programme will become a political necessity.

Our straightforward policy will prevent any minority ruling us and ensure that all measures shall have public opinion behind them.

No Party in power could flout our will for long periods. What a change! Once every year we could vote to some effect.

Trust the people

In his political broadcast, Mr. Churchill said that his motto was "Trust the people." All politicians say that at election time. Our programme will test their sincerity.

Miss X—the author

Lord Rothermere, in a recent letter, told the editor of the *Morning Post* that "the Conservative Party fought the last election with funds accumulated by the sale of peerages, baronetcies and knighthoods."

Lord Rothermere appears indignant that the editor, knowing this, should have endeavoured "to make political capital out of the charge that Mr. Lloyd George had been doing something improper, although he had only been doing exactly what other Prime Ministers had done in the past."

So the cat is well out of the bag.

Past Prime Ministers have had a tariff for honours. The proceeds went to their Party's funds.

It is suggested that the sale of honours, like poison-gas, is nothing very terrible when one gets used to it. We plain people, who care nothing for Parties nor their funds, think the whole thing dishonourable.

Irresponsible!

Speaking of the Government, Lord Rothermere says that "It, at one stroke, through the Flapper Vote Act, adds 5,500,000 irresponsible young women to the electorate."

And he goes on to say: "They were fully aware that vast numbers of these young women, who do not vote from a sense of conviction for Socialism, will vote for that Party out of an impulse of audacity."

Marvellous sagacity!

Mere man can now read our minds. Nothing enigmatic about woman—nothing sphinx-like at all.

Vast numbers of us, all irresponsible young women, will vote for a particular "ism" solely on an impulse of audacity. We have it on the authority of the man who calls justice "The Flapper Vote Act."

Why we are more irresponsible than our brothers of the same age the great journalist is too bashful to explain. He lacks the audacity.

If we become irresponsible to any Party and most audacious, Lord Rothermere will have proved a true prophet. Kiss him for that word "audacity." Make it our watchword. Add two more words, "audacity" and again "audacity."

Flap to death

This year, let us flap our newly-found wings and keep them flapping. Flap to death insincere, old-time political methods. Flap and rise high, that we may become teachers of *audacity*.

Each one of us is now a unit of a great freedom-loving people, always foremost in invention and great ideas.

Audacity won for us what we now possess. *Audacity* harnessed the forces of nature and produced the great inventions. *Audacity* contributed to our proud place amongst the nations.

So, fellow "Flappers" and all young people, watch your opportunity.

Audacity will establish a system of government giving each a real and constant voice in the affairs of our country. *Audacity* will control any Party which rules for a time, and end, once for all, government for long periods without any direct check from ourselves.

Audacity will show the world that once again our nation leads in political freedom. *Audacity*, and only *audacity*, will ensure that at last we shall have established real democracy.

WHO'S WINNING?

MR. BALDWIN wants to know. Mr. Lloyd George wants to know. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald wants to know. And so does everyone else.

What are the women thinking about it all? Which way are they going to vote?

They are keeping their secret well. In the JOHN BULL Election Ballot, for instance, the proportion of women voters is less than half of that of the men.

And yet the returns from the constituencies prove that there are already a million more women than men on the voting register.

Are they "sitting on the fence" or are they merely apathetic? Turn to page 24, where you will find our amazing election figures, and think it over for yourself.

One for Yourfriend
One for You
British Made. TIFO View-Finders. Takes upright or horizontal pictures—3½ in. by 2½ in.—snaps or time exposures. Daylight loading—Roll Film—takes standard size spool. Obtainable everywhere. Your first film comes packed inside your camera.
J-B ENSIGN
"J-B" ENSIGN

JOHN BULL

OFFERS YOU THIS WONDERFUL GIFT

FREE!

A Genuine "J.B. Ensign" Camera for both you and your friend.

Applications by the thousand are already pouring in for "John Bull's" Great Gift. Make no mistake, this is your last chance to secure a genuine British Made "J.B. "Ensign" Camera FREE—not only for yourself but for a friend as well. A further large order has been placed with the manufacturers and directly applications have been received for these additional Cameras our offer will be withdrawn.

We make this great offer because we want to introduce the bigger and better "John Bull" and also "The People" to thousands of new readers. As "John Bull" readers know, "The People" comes from "the same stable," and just as the bigger and better "John Bull" is the finest weekly in the world, so is "The People" the supreme Sunday paper.

Both "John Bull" and "The People" offer to registered readers unequalled Free Insurance Benefits, and both schemes have recently been extended in order to make them more practical and more generous than ever.

But we know that whatever we may say about "John Bull" and "The People" there is nothing so convincing as an actual trial. Therefore, we make the following unprecedented offer:

If you will—

1. Give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks,
2. Find a friend who will give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks,

we will present both to your friend and to yourself a "J.B. Ensign" Camera FREE. It is a condition of course that the friend introduced by you is NOT already a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."

You can take lovely pictures, size 2½ x 3½—larger than that shown above with your "J.B." Ensign Camera.

A trial that need cost nothing

In giving these great national papers a trial, neither you nor your friend need incur any extra expense. In these days practically everyone takes a Sunday newspaper and also a weekly periodical. For the next thirteen weeks we ask YOU to take "The People" as your Sunday newspaper and YOUR FRIEND to take "John Bull" during the week and "The People" on Sundays. At the end of your trial you will not only each receive a genuine "J.B. Ensign" Camera, but we think you will agree that we shall have done you an additional good turn by introducing wonderful papers that you will wish to take regularly. As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for thirteen weeks, you are both asked to cut out and affix thirteen consecutive numbers from thirteen successive issues of both these publications to the Gift Vouchers, which will be sent to you upon receipt of the forms below. That is all. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed you will each immediately receive a FREE "J.B. Ensign" Camera. There is no "catch." The full conditions are published herewith.

Act to-day!

Take the first step towards securing "John Bull's" Magnificent Gift by getting the forms below filled in to-day. These forms reserve in your name and in the name of your friend two genuine "J.B. Ensign" Cameras. As soon as these forms are received, "John Bull" will post to you two Official Gift Vouchers—one for your friend and one for you. At the same time two "J.B. Ensign" Cameras will be specially set aside and reserved—one in your own name and one in the name of your friend. Act at once.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

It is important that the Rules and Conditions below are read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is being introduced.

The object of this scheme is to get bona-fide new readers for "John Bull" and "The People." If it should be found upon verification that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader both applicants will be disqualified.

A new reader shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for the past three months.

Gift Cameras will not be awarded unless applied for on the Special Gift Vouchers which are sent (one each for you and your friend) to approved applicants upon receipt of the forms below.

For your convenience and so that your Gift reaches you ready for immediate use, we have arranged with the manufacturers to include with each Camera one 2½ B "Ensign" Film which will take six pictures, size 2½ in. by 3½ in. When your Gift Voucher is complete and NOT before, all that you have to do is to see that it is sent in to us together with a postal order for 1/-, which covers the ordinary retail price of the "Ensign" Film which is included with your Camera and also the cost of actual postage and packing on your Gift. Your Camera thus reaches you completely equipped and ready to take photographs the moment you unpack it. Further films are obtainable at all local dealers.

No person may qualify for more than one Gift Set and no Gift will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Copies of "John Bull" and "The People" must be paid for in the ordinary way, and no person may qualify by purchasing back numbers for either whole or part of the thirteen weeks.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. The Editor of "John Bull" reserves the right to disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

OUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS BELOW

1d. stamp MUST be affixed by YOU in this space to cover return postage.

From: "JOHN BULL," Gift Department, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Name .....

Address .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "A"

To be filled in by the reader of "JOHN BULL" who is introducing a new reader.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.8), 12-16, Wilson St., London, W.C.2.

IMPORTANT
Cut out the label on the left very neatly round the dotted line and enclose it with these Reservation Forms. This label, which will be used by "JOHN BULL" for sending to you both your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers, MUST be filled in by the "John Bull" reader with his name and full postal address written VERY CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS. A halfpenny stamp to cover return postage MUST be affixed by YOU to blank space provided.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name in return for my undertaking to give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks and also for introducing a new reader who has personally signed Form B and who undertakes to give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks. **I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."**

I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

Please send me Official Gift Voucher for the Free "J.B. Ensign" Camera.

N.B.—Please also fill in your name and full postal address on the Label on the left, also affix halfpenny stamp on space provided to cover return postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....DATE

Give below name and address of Newsagent. (**"John Bull"**) .....

.....

*("The People") .....

*If the same as "John Bull" write in space above "as above."

N.B.—If you are NOT already a registered reader you may, if you wish, enclose Registration Form which appears on p. 38. J.B. 18.5.29. Available until 1.6.29. Please write clearly.

Checked

A 8.

N.B.—Do not separate these forms — send them to "John Bull" together with label on left in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST also affix halfpenny stamp to label on left to cover return postage on your Gift Vouchers.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "B"

This Form MUST be filled in and signed by the new reader personally—NOT by the "John Bull" reader who is introducing him.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.8), 12-16, Wilson Street, London, W.C.2.

Your special Gift Offer was introduced to me by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form on the left. **I hereby certify that I am NOT at present a reader of "John Bull" or "The People," and that I have not purchased either of these publications for the past three months.** I undertake to give them both a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) Official Gift Voucher for my "J.B. Ensign" Camera (*). I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE.....

(*) **Please note that your friend will hand you your Gift Voucher. It will be sent to him together with his own. Give below name and address of your newsagent.**

("John Bull") .....

.....

†("The People") .....

.....

†**If the same as "John Bull" write in space above "as above."**

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Checked

Cut out label very neatly—affix halfpenny stamp and send in with these Forms.

Debutantes on their way to make a bob-curtsey at Court. The gallant soldier is Sir Wyndham Childs, Chief of our Investigation Department, leaving the most recent Levee

". . . It is human and harmless to love a little finery"

What's Behind THIS POMP and GLORY?

by A. G. GARDINER

A CORRESPONDENT asks me to express an opinion on the "London Season" and all that is involved in it.

The Queen, he says, is holding two Courts, the Prince of Wales is holding two Levees, and in connection with these events and all the multitude of social functions that make up the London Season from the opening of the Royal Academy to Goodwood, hundreds of thousands of pounds, perhaps millions of pounds, are being spent in the display of dress and all its luxurious accompaniments.

Can this be justified? I am asked.

Is it good for trade? Is it good for the State? Is it defensible in the presence of the mass of unemployment and impoverishment that is the theme of half the election speeches?

In short, is the monarchical system, from which so much "wild and wasteful" expenditure flows, a system that is consistent with modern ideas and modern needs.

In the first place, it seems necessary to disentangle the two threads of my correspondent's indictment.

His assumption that all the extravagance of which he complains springs from our Court system is not borne out by the facts.

The London Season would be just as lavish an affair if the monarchy were disestablished in favour of a republic.

Poverty alone would wipe out the London Season, and whether we are rich or poor does not depend upon whether we are a monarchy or a republic.

Essential feature

As to the Courts and Levees, they are an essential feature of the monarchical system.

I have no prejudice in favour of that system. In the abstract, I am a Republican. I dislike the social categories of Europe as much as the religous castes of India. I prefer the idea of a common citizenship in which each man plays his part according to his merits, and owes no privilege and no prestige to inheritance.

But I have lived long enough to know that the poet was not wholly wrong when he left fools to quarrel over "forms of government."

The test of a governing system is whether it works; and, putting abstract theories aside, I believe that in our limited monarchical system we have devised a machine that works and that admirably suits the English genius.

The King reigns and the people govern; and in that compromise we have the best of both worlds—the reality of Republicanism and the sentiment that attaches to personal rule.

That sentiment was never stronger than it is to-day, as we have seen in the past months. Even so stern a proletarian as Mr. A. J. Cook has fallen under its sway.

He has fallen

He has fallen under its sway for practical reasons. He has seen that the system works, and that it is as efficient for the purposes of the proletariate as for the rest of the community.

It is convenient to have a disinterested vehicle, detached from class, Party and creed, for the expression of the common mind and the national mind on issues which are outside controversy. And both the King and the Prince have provided that vehicle.

The Crown is the nation's "loud-speaker."

It is more. It is the cement of our society. It gives us coherence and solidarity, the sense of historic continuity, of a tradition that fades away into the distant past and carries the mind forward into the unknown future.

These are some of the practical considerations that attach to the monarchy even those who, philosophically, are opposed to the monarchical idea.

And, accepting the monarchy, it is unreasonable to boggle at its Courts and its Levees, its formalities and its dispensations. These things, wisely directed, have their significance and public usefulness.

Doubtless they often pander to the vanity and snobbery of weak minds, but vanity and snobbery are human frailties that flourish anywhere, whether kingdoms or republics.

What we are entitled to demand in connection with these functions is that they should not be exclusive, the monopoly of a privileged oligarchy.

They are not. They are equally open to anyone who has served the State in any sphere of action.

Harmless

Nor must it be forgotten that the great public, who having done nothing in particular have no share in these formalities like them none the less. It is human and harmless to love a little finery and a little sentiment.

What is it but these indestructible faculties that bring out multitudes to see the Trooping of the Colour, a fashionable wedding, a Lord Mayor's procession, or any other public occasion?

Life is not all commonplace. It is a vision and a spectacle, a romance and a drama. Pomp and circumstance have their place in its many-coloured tapestry, and it is not idle waste that contributes to this satisfaction of the appetite for the splendours and decorations of life.

Nor in what I have said do I wish to convey approval of all the extravagances of the London Season. I dare say there is much expenditure that is definitely wasteful and anti-social.

I love it

But though my contact with the London Season has never been close, never much more than that of an interested spectator, I confess I love it as I love all the pageantry of life, and I should think the world duller and more drab if it suffered complete eclipse.

If that eclipse would raise the status of the poor, I should be reconciled to it. But it would not.

We have the key to our problem in other and more efficient expedients. We have applied the screw of taxation to the rich, and without suppressing them, indeed while encouraging them to grow rich, we have raised the general standard of living in this country higher than it has ever been in any country in history—with the single exception of the United States.

The Human Machine

PUTTING ON AIRS

FAULT-FINDING is a very human failing: it is a pleasant occupation for the shallow-minded.

It is so easy to pick holes in both things and persons. It needs no great cleverness—merely a lot of self-conceit.

It doesn't seem anything to be specially proud of, for even a child can destroy: and those who delight in fault-finding are really not much better—or cleverer—than children.

For you cannot really find fault with others without shouting aloud that you think yourself so much wiser than the other fellow.

Fault-finding doesn't get the other fellow very far, nor does it make the world progress any faster. For most people are painfully conscious of their shortcomings, and what they usually need is a pat on the back—not a punch on the nose.

The lame dog needs a helping hand—not a kick—and it is just as well to give it.

Nobody, unless he is an insufferable ass, minds having a mistake pointed out to him. It is the best way of learning to do better. But what a difference the way it is pointed out makes!

If you must criticise others, do it both hopefully and helpfully. And do it constructively.

Don't nag.

And be very sure of one thing: don't indulge your sense of self-importance, and hurt people by pointing out their mistakes unless you are also prepared to supply the remedy.

It's a simple rule—but it's made of pure gold.

TO MAKE A PERFECT CUSTARD

the exact quantity of Foster Clark's CREAM Custard must be used. A 4½d. carton contains six and an 8½d. carton twelve separate pints. Using the exact quantity makes a perfect Custard. Also sold in 10½d. Family tins and 1½d. Quart Packets.

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The Soap to cleanse, purify and beautify
The Ointment to soften, soothe and heal

A world famous and dependable treatment for the skin and hair

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d.

For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

SUITS ON EASY TERMS

The Graves System of Deferred Payments enables you to dress stylishly and well on little outlay. We supply Smartly Cut, Carefully Tailored Suits in materials which are not only of thoroughly dependable quality, but also of handsome design and in popular shades. Suits 50/- to 63/- & 70/- on the easiest terms of payment.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

A Post Card will bring you our full range of New Suit Styles & Patterns—Indigo Serges, Fancy Worsteds, Fashionable Saxony & Cheviot finish Suitings in a wide variety of designs & shades, etc. Our self measurement form enables you to give your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a perfect-fitting suit. Write to-day.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM

Who Pays for HULLABALOO?

Without Fear or Favour
by the Editor

THE flood of election posters, pamphlets, and even magazines, that for weeks has been pouring over the electorate must cause many people to wonder who is paying for it all.

Even tours from Land's End to John o' Groats cannot be undertaken for nothing, and loudspeakers, gramophone records and relays over Post Office lines all cost money by the bagful.

Legally, a candidate's election expenses are supposed to start from the time he is declared to be a candidate, and the scale allowed is 6d. per head of the electorate in country constituencies and 5d. per head in towns.

Clearly, this modest allowance is quite inadequate to provide for all the advance hullabaloo that has been stunning the country up to date.

Whatever a candidate may spend, there doesn't seem any limit to what his Party may do, providing the "dope" is spread broadcast and not tied to any one candidate or any particular constituency.

The "Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act," under which elections are fought, seems to us to stand in need of considerable amendment.

Those mysterious war-chests known as "Party funds" have been allowed for far too long to hide their origin. That is a thing to which the next Parliament might turn its attention with advantage.

ONCE the battle has been definitely transferred to the individual constituencies, every penny spent by the candidates will be looked at through microscopes. Cats watching mice are amateurs when it comes to political Parties scrutinising each other's election expenses.

But money is always pouring into all the Party chests, and contributors maintain a touching desire for anonymity.

We fancy that if the contributions to Party funds were made public—as they ought to be—there would be a political sensation of the first magnitude.

Why do the political Parties so persistently refuse to disclose the source of their funds?

We may be forgiven for suggesting that the main reason for secrecy is usually fear of the consequences of disclosure.

We ought at least to know where the money is coming from, and who are the mysterious people whose views are being dinned into us from countless hoardings.

If all Parties were compelled to publish annually a complete list of their subscribers, with the amounts subscribed, there would speedily be a healthy wind blowing through the rather dirty political atmosphere.

It may even be that Party funds might suffer if the limelight were turned on them. We don't know that many people would worry much if they did.

* * *

One for Jeremiah

NO General Election ever comes round without wails arising that we are in for a trade depression.

The probable prospect of two elections in the next twelve months is causing a veritable panic among some business men, who are so faint-hearted that they have quite clearly mistaken their vocation.

How an election can ever cause a trade depression we cannot imagine. People must still live, even though politicians make speeches.

And so long as people live they must eat and drink, spend their money, and buy goods, no matter how the political world wags.

If traders want a trade depression there is no quicker way of getting it than by deceiving themselves into the belief that one is imminent. If they ask for it, they will assuredly get it.

If, on the other hand, they get on with the job in a spirit of hard-working optimism and cease to be their own enemies, they will soon be wondering whatever they were once frightened about.

Trade depression be ——. That is to say, why let a sheer myth interfere with anybody?

Kippered Cities

THE proposed erection of a huge power-station at Battersea is rightly calling forth protests from influential quarters. It is a striking example of the shortsighted commercialism which is always hampering real progress.

The national development of the electricity supply is a business that calls for foresight and planning in an extreme degree. It is not a matter of what we do to-day. We are building for years ahead.

That is why to place a huge power-station in the heart of a densely populated area is merely putting a premium on inefficiency.

The Battersea power-station will consume 2,000 tons of coal a day. Quite apart from the dirt and dust that is involved in handling this amount of fuel every twenty-four hours, the discharge into the atmosphere of huge quantities of sulphurous gases is alarming.

The problem of smoke in our big cities is already serious enough, so serious indeed that more than one attempt has been made to tackle it by legislation. It is intolerable that the electricity scheme, which by its nature should aim at the elimination of smoke and dirt altogether, should be the very thing to intensify this dangerous nuisance.

One authority has declared that the first result of the Battersea power-station will be to kill all vegetation for miles around. If that is so, who can justify the effects that it will be bound to have on the human beings who will be compelled to breathe the acid gases belched out of its chimneys?

A FOREMOST British expert on power plants and fuel consumption recently declared that "almost every independent power engineer knows perfectly well that the Battersea power-station has no right to be erected."

That is language sufficiently strong to warrant an immediate enquiry into a proposition that is not only against the interests of the community, but against the whole industry of electrical engineering.

Otto, last of the Hapsburgs, on a happy boating picnic with his seven young brothers and sisters

Rupprecht loves his mock Court and his pompous Field-Marshal's uniform

THOUSANDS of citizens line the cobbled streets of Munich. There is the thunder of drums, the shrill voices of the fifes and the audacious blare of bugles.

The *Reichswehr*—the regular army — is marching by, with Bavarian banners flying high. After the regular soldiers follow private societies, the members of which march like soldiers, are dressed like soldiers, and—are armed like soldiers.

These are the notorious monarchist organisations of Bavaria.

And who is this reviewing the troops? A kingly figure, one would say, in the uniform of a field-marshal of the old imperial army.

Tall and commanding, he stands surrounded by officers who pay him the deference which is only paid to kings. But we thought there were no princes now, playing official princely parts, in republican Germany!

But this is monarchist Bavaria, the plague-spot of conspiracy and nationalist reaction within German territory. And the man reviewing the troops is a prince; he is Field-Marshal Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria — the man whom thousands of Bavarians hail as "King of Bavaria."

Romantic band

There are some who claim for Rupprecht also the throne of Britain. For he is the lineal descendant of the house of Stuart; and there is still a tiny dwindling band of romantics in Scotland and in England who call themselves Jacobites and desire the restoration of the Stuart dynasty.

Prince Rupprecht lives like royalty, and like German royalty at that. He lives in state in his palace and in his beautiful country home in the Bavarian hills. He is surrounded by courtiers and the pomp of Courts.

Rupprecht has revived the Court Levees of pre-war days. But now he calls them "Gentlemen's At Homes."

On these days there repair to his residence the officers of the *Reichswehr* and officers of the police—for, in Bavaria, the "Greens," as the police are popularly called, are notoriously monarchist, just as is the army.

But not all of the kings, emperors and princelings who lost their thrones and privileges after the war can still maintain the princely state of Rupprecht. Some of them are very poor, and have entered civil life.

Mock Court

And there are even some who have renounced not merely the splendours of the mock Court of the pretender, but even the mild pleasures of the customary life of the business or professional man.

Such an one is Rupprecht's brother, Prince George of Bavaria, who in 1921 entered the monastery of St. Benedict of Ettal, in Bavaria. This unhappy prince had good cause to renounce the world. His love affairs had never prospered since. In 1912, he was married to Archduchess Isabella of Austria, and was divorced by her within a year.

Now he walks, grave and reserved, the pleasant gardens of the monastery; silent, his wide gaze fixed upon a throne and a crown that are not of this world.

These German princes are still tolerated in their native land. But their former master, the ex-Kaiser, languishes in comfortable exile at Doorn in Holland.

He ran from Germany in her hour of defeat. Germany will never forgive him; so he fell—it was as though a pin had dropped.

As for the sons of the ex-Kaiser, they all command ample private fortunes, and seem to be principally engaged in encouraging the German Nationalist (monarchist) movement.

Most of them live in Potsdam, the prim Prussian royal city which is also a great centre of monarchism.

In many lands they are scattered, the royal exiles whom war or revolution have thrown out into the world. The Russian royalties and semi-royalties are in many countries; and thousands of their supporters among the exiled nobles are centred in Berlin and Paris.

All the Russias

There is, for example, Grand Duke Cyril, who has styled himself, on occasion, and has been styled by his supporters, as "Cyril I., Tsar of All the Russias."

Grand Duke Cyril has plenty of money, and he and his Grand Duchess divide their time between their home in Paris and their villas at Coburg and Nice.

Cyril, who is a cousin of the late Tsar, has frequently issued proclamations while on his journeys through Denmark, Germany, France and other countries, meeting his adherents who are exiled in those lands.

Grand Duke Cyril's claims to the throne were not accepted by all Russian monarchists, however; and at a recent conference in Paris, Prince Nikita, son of Grand Duke Alexander, was chosen as "Emperor of All the Russias" by the "Supreme Russian Monarchist Council."

To placate Grand Duke Cyril, the latter was made world president of the monarchist movement.

Nikita's father, Grand Duke Alexander, another cousin of the Tsar, has very recently been on a lecture tour of the United States. In fact, a considerable number of royal personages find that a lecture trip through America is an extremely profitable enterprise.

Prince Nikita is a young man. He has recently married, and speaks excellent English, having been educated at Oxford. It is said that until recently he worked eight hours a day in a business office in Paris. He also has embarked for a tour in the United States.

Not ambitious

Another Russian, the Grand Duke Dmitri, also lives in Paris. For a while a section of the monarchists were inclined to support his claim to the Tsardom, but he himself is not ambitious and did not specially encourage them.

Dmitri is a well-liked bachelor, and is prominent in society circles in Paris. He earns a comfortable living as a champagne salesman.

Even the British music-hall stage has known members of the Romanoffs. The writer well recalls hearing, some five or six years ago, the Princess Catherine Yourievsky at the Coliseum. She had a very sweet contralto voice, this appealing youngest daughter of the Tsar Alexander.

The ex-Shah of Persia lives in his beloved Paris, and spends the winter on the Riviera. He is now thirty-two years old, and as massive in figure as ever. He was deposed in 1925, after the Persians had become wearied of a ruler who lived in Paris all the time, drawing a magnificent income, but who had abandoned his people for two years.

Where are the sons of the last Turkish Sultan? Nothing has been heard of them since three young princes, sons of the deposed Caliph, were reported in 1924 to have applied for permission to enter Russia, one of them volunteering for service in the Red Army.

Considering the friendship between the Soviet Government and Kemal Pasha, Turkey's present autocrat, it is not unlikely that permission was granted.

Last of the Hapsburgs

Young, handsome Prince Otto, sixteen-year-old son of the proud Hapsburgs of the Austro-Hungarian Empire that once was, lives with his mother, the ex-Empress, and seven brothers and sisters, in an unpretentious white-walled country house in the French Alps, near Grenoble.

ROYALTY at a LOOSE END

Monarchs on the Retired List

"Little Willie," Germany's ex-Crown Prince, folds his arms and tries to take it philosophically.

King Boris of Bulgaria—hands in pockets—tours Europe looking for a bride

The ex-Shah finds Paris much more amusing than a Persian throne

The Grand Duke Cyril smokes a cigarette. He is rich. Ex-King Manoel of Portugal and his Queen are now quite reconciled to exile. They live at Richmond and manage to make life there very pleasant

He is a charming youngster and a favourite with the peasants and other country people of the neighbourhood, although compelled to keep aloof. The family is not very well off, and they live very quietly.

Young Otto delights in all forms of sport and games, and is a healthy, open-air youth, full of good spirits.

But over him hangs the dark cloud of intrigue and conspiracy.

There are those who would place this boy on the throne of Hungary. They are only waiting for a propitious moment; and some think that Otto's twenty-first birthday will be the right time. First, however, the consent of the victorious Allies would have to be obtained before a member of the dethroned Hapsburgs could again be seated on a throne.

Other Austrian royalties live in Spain. In fact, quite a colony exists at Barcelona.

There is the Archduke Max, only brother of the ex-Emperor Karl. Shortly after the war he lived in Bavaria with his wife, the Princess Franziska, under the name of Count Max Wernberg. Later he joined other members of his family in Barcelona.

Now, Barcelona is not the easiest city in the world to survive in, as a business man, if you're not a very good business man. It is the most go-ahead commercial centre of Spain. The people of Barcelona are Catalans, a rough-and-ready, energetic people with a contempt for the languor and procrastination of the Castilians. Barcelona has been called the Chicago of Spain.

So the Archduke Max did not do very well in business; and he lost nearly all his money. Now he is working in a building firm at Barcelona.

One of his daughters works as a teacher in Barcelona.

Leopold, the son of Leopold Salvator, was also in business in Barcelona, and seems to be more successful than his father. He set up as a hop-dealer, and became fairly successful.

In 1927, however, he left for the United States and went to Hollywood, seeking a job as a film actor. His wife and daughter remained behind in Europe until daddy should have amassed sufficient savings in prosperous America to bring them over.

Another Barcelonian is the Archduke Leopold Salvator. With him are his wife, Blanda de Castilia, Princess of Bourbon, and their eight children.

Leopold fell heir to immense estates, all of which he lost as a result of the war. He was a resourceful person, and during the war he made another large fortune out of the manufacture of dried vegetables, a somewhat unpalatable edible which was supplied to the soldiers at the front, and which the citizens of famine-ridden Vienna also had to eat.

An eccentric

Eccentric old Ferdinand, ex-Tsar of Bulgaria, continues to provide the newspapers with an occasional story.

Although professing a desire to live quietly among his flowers and butterflies, one suspects the old gentleman of a mischievous desire to "wake things up" every now and then.

In 1919, Ferdinand went to Germany, as Count Mourany. His suite then consisted of a majordomo, a private secretary, two chauffeurs, a valet and a messenger. Since then his exile has become simpler.

In 1925 there were conflicting stories concerning him. Some asserted that he had become violently insane, but this was evidently untrue, as in 1926 we hear of the quiet retired monarch travelling in Italy, and being received by the Pope in audience.

Then, in 1927, in an interview with the Paris *Echo*, came the characteristic note—"Why remind the world," he said pathetically, "that big-nosed Ferdinand lives yet? Leave me among my flowers and birds."

Butterfly king

Only a few weeks ago he was travelling in East Africa, searching for a rare species of butterfly. He is truly an irrepressible old monarch.

The total of the kings and princes who are at a loose end the world over must run into hundreds. . . .

Where are the Kings of yesteryear?

And Greece? Prince Christopher, youngest brother of ill-fated "Tino," King Constantine, is in the States—the refuge of so many ex-royalties.

It will be remembered that he married the famous American beauty, Mrs. W. B. Leeds, multi-millionairess and favourite of London society.

Young King George of Greece, who lost his throne in 1923, is well known and greatly liked in England.

It was he who took part in the Oxford Union debate last year when he defended the thesis that "This House prefers an athletic to an æsthetic education."

He was defeated by 49 votes, but perhaps, since then, the experience of Oxford in the Boat Race has brought more recruits to King George's side of the question.

Lately the newspapers have been full of the prosecution of Prince Max Hohenlohe Oehringen, a German prince, for fraud and issuing worthless cheques.

His life ever since he was deposed appears to have been a completely irresponsible series of exploits, with bankruptcy and prosecution as result.

That is one side of the shield.

It is unquestionable that some of the deposed royalties have not learned, and are not likely to learn, how to live like plain citizens, nor can they realise the value of money and the obligations it entails.

Honourable exile

On the other hand, many royal persons live in exile simply and industriously, contributing something of worth to the community of their adoption.

They have determined that they will assume the dignity of a citizen and plain gentleman with the same sense of responsibility with which they once managed affairs of State.

5 for 10D

Light a Manikin ——You'll scent *satisfaction* at the first whiff, and find sure content until, with regret, you place the tiny end in the ash-tray.

Care vanishes with the fragrant smoke — Nerves are soothed by their delightful flavour — There's restful *satisfaction* in every puff.

Manikins are inexpensive too and well worth their modest cost. 10d. *buys* 5 *at any Tobacconist. Try a packet now.*

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

Real Life Stories by Famous Authors

". . . and saw a light in the living-room, where Tillie Tolmache sat tied to a chair"

Old Cats Lane

by S. ANDREW WOOD

Illustrated by John Campbell

WE in the village used to call it Old Cats Lane. The bungalows which housed the Old Cats had sprouted like mushrooms after the war, but the first cheerful tenants, their wives and children, had moved long ago to the red brick villas over the hill.

Now, only Old Cat spinsters and Old Cat widows, living on their little savings in the bungalows of Old Cats Lane, fought and squabbled and slammed their doors upon each other.

The most ferocious of them all was Miss Tillie Tolmache. She was a thin, desiccated spinster with a cold and malicious hatred of her fellow-creatures.

The village urchins who played pranks in Old Cats Lane left Tillie Tolmache's bungalow severely alone.

One night, when the shoemaker's red-headed son had played a harmless trick upon her door-knocker, she had reached out a bony hand and dragged him inside.

What terror of dark coal-hole and scurrying rats she had found for him was never known, for the sick and pale-faced Ginger kept a stupefied silence on the subject.

A MONTH later Ginger developed a lame leg—tubercle of long standing, the doctor said.

A strange, witch-like creature was Tillie Tolmache. No living person had ever been in her bungalow, save the luckless Ginger. She kept her squabbles with the other Old Cats to her doorsteps, or theirs.

But at every wedding in the village she was there, gaunt and silent, watching the parson with sombre eyes, listening to the marriage service as though it were her own, following the newly-married couple out into the sunshine of the porch with a kind of stealthy passion.

Once I had sat behind her, and saw that the bare, bony fingers of her left hand were spread out before her, her eyes fixed upon them when the silence of the little church was only broken by the bridegroom's mumbled: "With this ring I thee wed." It was that phrase which seemed to fascinate her.

It was late one autumn night when Tillie Tolmache heard a sound outside the door of her bungalow. The wind was high, and it rained in torrents.

Just then she had a feud on with old Emily Harbin, of "Dovecotes," and it might be Emily—who took Dutch courage out of a bottle—returning to the attack. Tillie threw open the door grimly.

It was a girl who stood there, leaning against the door cheek in utter weakness. She was muddy and bedraggled. With no word, she swayed over Tillie Tolmache's threshold and sat huddled before the fire.

"Well?" Tillie Tolmache asked, regarding her. She was a little flaxen-haired thing, pretty in spite of her drawn and frightened face. For she *was* frightened, deadly frightened. Yet not, Tillie Tolmache saw, of her.

"I lost my way in the dark. It was raining so hard that I wandered off the road. Then I saw the light in your window. But in the garden I fell over something, and I think I fainted. And the pain——" her big eyes went up to Tillie Tolmache's gaunt face. "Please may I stay with you a little? I shall be better soon."

Tillie Tolmache reached down and lifted the girl's left hand.

"You're not married," she said.

"I am!" the girl answered shrinkingly. "I am, I tell you! But it's—a secret."

"It always is," said Tillie Tolmache, and went to get a bedroom ready.

Old Cats Lane was awakened by the sound of the doctor's motor-car late that night. And next morning the news went round that Tillie Tolmache was ill.

Her curtains were drawn and the door locked, only to open to the canny old Scots doctor, who cocked one eye at the inhabitants of Old Cats Lane as he emerged again.

Genteel, dried-up little Miss Purdie; Mrs. Legrand, as large and formidable and nearly as moustached as her husband, the late Colonel Legrand; Emily Harbin, the secret tippler, were all waiting inquisitively at their doors. The doctor told them that the patient was getting on splendidly.

BUT the days elapsed, and then the weeks. The doctor stopped coming to Old Cats Lane. For all that, Tillie Tolmache's bungalow remained barred and bolted. It was like a beleaguered house.

The tradesmen left their goods in the porch, and they were taken in some time during the dead of night. So it was obvious that Tillie had not died of the malignant growth which she had had for so long, or robbed of the jewellery which, it was rumoured, she possessed.

Once, Mrs. Legrand, going with hospitable intent (so she said), got a bucket of water upon her outraged

(Continued on page 24)

FIFTY FULL-SIZED CIGARETTES CARRIED AS EASILY AS TWENTY

Feel it. Look at it. Open it. Shut it. Slip it into your pocket. Not a bulge or crease! Pack it into the tightest suitcase. It can't crush! Think of handing it round among your friends. How well it looks! Think of the convenience of it. Golfing. Motoring. Travelling. At home. In the office! Never before could you buy anything like it. The only handy way *ever invented* of carrying fifty full-sized cigarettes!

GET KENSITAS 'FLAT FIFTIES' ALWAYS

2/6

TEN FOR SIXPENCE · TWENTY FOR A SHILLING

A pleasant journey to you

TRAIN, charabanc, car or aeroplane—all long journeys are tedious. Nerves become frayed—the brain wearied.

Break the tedium—relax the tension—by the use of Wrigley's Chewing Sweets. Any doctor will tell you that chewing has a soothing effect on strained nerves.

It calms and relaxes the whole nervous system—rests and refreshes mind and body as well.

Wrigley's also does you good in other ways. It cleanses teeth and mouth as nothing else can. Taken after meals it helps digestion, sweetens the breath and removes all trace of eating, drinking and smoking.

Always have Wrigley's handy. In two flavours—P.K., a true peppermint flavour —Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

WRIGLEY'S

B.J. 18

New Feet or 1/6

Policeman's Testimony

Few people suffer more with their feet than policemen. A policeman is standing, on and off, for the greater part of every day. Tired and aching feet, corns, callouses and bunions, make the policeman's lot a most unhappy one. But here is a member of the force who has discovered a sure, speedy method of relief. Every night he puts his feet in a Radox footbath. Like magic, his foot troubles cease. Read his letter:—

"I use Radox as a footbath and I have never found its equal. I am a rural policeman with over 24 years' service to my credit, and for a number of years I have suffered on and off from foot troubles and I have used what are commonly known as remedies with little, if any, benefit, until about two years ago I tried Radox and it worked marvels with my feet. A 'round' policeman's duty is nearly construed over the 24 hours, and is very trying for the best of feet. I was at a race meeting all yesterday, and I am now this minute, as I write this letter, soaking my feet in Radox, and I expect to feel as fit as ever again after my bath. I have so much confidence in Radox that I have recommended it to some of my friends with bad feet, on the understanding that if Radox used according to directions did not give relief, I would pay for the Radox."

P.C., S. M. C.

16th April, 1929.

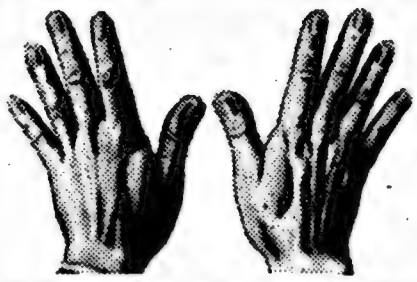
If Radox will relieve a Policeman's feet, how much more easily will it bring peace to yours! This is how Radox removes corns. Your feet have no fewer than 3,000 pores to every square inch of skin. Every pore has its duty, which is to get rid of the uric acid and chalk deposits. When the pores cease work, the uric acid or chalk accumulates in the tissues, muscles and small joints of the feet. The skin hardens, forms callouses, corns and swellings. Radox banishes these by charging the water with oxygen—Nature's greatest healer and antiseptic. The oxygen carries the corn-softening salts to the roots of the corns, which are thus loosened so that they may be lifted out bodily.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet.*

Radox Bath Salts

Bring Quick Relief to Aching Feet.

Insist on Radox, in the Pink Packet, to get best results. ½ lb. packet 1s. 6d. Double quantity, 2s. 6d. Every chemist sells Radox.



83 straight as 21

Why Rheumatism Went

"I am sending you these few lines to say that I have been taking Kruschen Salts for a few years now. Before taking them I used to have stiff joints in my hands, and quite a large lump on one wrist. That is now quite gone, and my hands are as free from pain, and my fingers as straight, as if I was just 21. I am thankful to be so well, for I am now in my 83rd year."

3rd April, 1929. *S. H., Salop.*

Swollen, painful hands and fingers are the sign of a rheumatic condition, and the natural treatment for rheumatism is Kruschen Salts. The six mineral salts of Kruschen have a direct effect upon the whole bloodstream, neutralising uric acid, which is the recognised cause of rheumatism. Get a bottle of Kruschen to-day and give it a fair trial. You will soon experience a joyous freedom from those cutting, jabbing pains.

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle to-day.

"Old Cats Lane"—*Continued from page 22*

head from nowhere. The Old Cats ceased their quarrels in face of this intriguing mystery.

It was Emily Harbin who solved it. One evening this rather terrible old lady, whom loneliness had driven to drink, finished her bottle sooner than usual and found herself outside Tillie Tolmache's french window, with one of the panes smashed and her hand bleeding.

At no period did poor Emily Harbin carry such dignity and sweetness as when her bottle was finished, so she walked in to find herself looking into the startled eyes of a girl who sat on the couch with a very young child in her arms.

"Pretty little things!" said Emily Harbin softly. "Both of you!"

She took the baby from the girl and stood cooing over it. When Tillie Tolmache came into the room like a bony tiger-cat pouncing, she lifted it gently and smiled.

"He has blue eyes, hasn't he?" Emily said. "They all have. But his are turning brown already. Gracious, they're shaped just like yours, Tillie Tolmache!"

THUS came a baby to Old Cats Lane. Next day Tillie Tolmache threw open her doors and windows and stood a defiant sentinel over her bungalow and its revealed secret, ready for war.

It did not come. They should have driven the girl who had a baby but no wedding-ring out of their outraged midst, those lonely and sour Old Cats. But they did not. Instead, they hung round Tillie Tolmache's bungalow, furtively at first, and then boldly.

There was baby-snatching in Old Cats Lane and much foolish clucking and chirruping and squabbling of a new sort. Tillie Tolmache watched it all with her passionate eyes.

The girl? She called herself Hilda Beach, and swore she was married. But her husband had deserted her—a wastrel she still talked of with tears welling in her big eyes—and she had been so poor that she had even pawned her wedding-ring the day before she had stumbled upon Tillie Tolmache's doorstep. It might be true. The marvel was that Old Cats Lane did not care.

So far, sentiment and some bathos, which makes real life "sloppier" than any "sloppy" novel. And now the long arm of coincidence, which, in Fiction, must be so carefully shortened, but in Truth is sometimes incredibly long.

Hilda Beach and her baby boy stayed in that little Berkshire village for nearly a year. Tillie Tolmache and Old Cats Lane would not let them go. The sentiment flags here slightly, for a baby's little fingers did *not* turn the Old Cats into gentle saints.

Emily Harbin tippled herself from her bedroom window, sustained a compound fracture, and was carried away, by the irony of fate, to the Temperance Hospital.

Two other Old Cats were brought before the magistrates for committing a breach of the peace upon each other. Tillie Tolmache grew more ferocious to all but the two young things she had adopted.

ONE night Hilda Beach was awakened by a noise. It was late, and Old Cats Lane was long asleep. The girl crept out of her room in her bare feet and saw a light in the living-room, where Tillie Tolmache sat tied to a chair with a handkerchief thrust in her mouth.

A man moved quickly about the room, a young man, not ill-looking, but tense and savage with the hurry of his quest. At some sound the girl made he wheeled.

"You!" Hilda whispered, and they both stood staring at each other.

Hilda Beach went over to Tillie Tolmache.

"You never believed I was married, did you?" she said. "This is my husband, Jim Beach."

Next Week:

"The Warning":

The true story of a strange premonition in the Southern seas

by JACK MACLAREN

She took the handkerchief out of Tillie's mouth and untied her. The bonds were only light, because the young man was but an amateur desperado, and the sight of the wife he had abandoned in that house he had intended to rob unnerved him.

Jim Beach was very much more weakling than criminal, and motherhood had given Hilda a new and tranquil prettiness and strength.

"His wedded wife!" said Tillie Tolmache, and spread out her own bony left hand in a manner she had.

She smiled at the man. It was not often that grim Tillie Tolmache smiled.

"He wants my jewellery," she said. "It is in a deed-box under the mattress of my bed. Get it for him, Hilda. I'm going to give it to him."

The girl had to obey. When she returned with the deed-box Tillie Tolmache was still smiling at the dazed young man.

"If I give it to you, will you promise to turn over a new leaf and not break into any more houses?" she asked. "And, of course," she added, "you'll come back for your wife and baby soon. Then there'll be some more for you."

They both saw the young man out into the darkness, and then Tillie Tolmache carefully bolted the door he had forced and went back to bed.

In some such way went that extraordinary scene in Tillie Tolmache's bungalow as she told it to old Macpherson, the doctor, barely a week afterwards, when she thought she was dying of the cancer she had carried for so long.

But even then she did not reveal the secret which stretched the long arm and made it impossible for any novelist to weave into his fiction.

That came after Tillie Tolmache had been found lying tranquilly dead, in Bothy's Wood, at the bottom of Old Cats Lane.

Jim Beach, the would-be burglar, had come back for his wife and child a few days before and taken them away, because he had tired of a wastrel's life, and with the proceeds of the jewellery Tillie Tolmache had given him he had bought a little business (do you see the happy ending with which Truth sometimes baffles the cynics?) and was beginning to prosper.

He would have taken Tillie, too, but she shook her head, knowing how near her end was.

In her will she left everything she possessed—

"To my son, James Tolmache, known as James Beach; Hilda, his wedded wife, and their legitimate son."

NO one ever knew who Tillie Tolmache's lover had been in her far-away youth. Nor whether she had ever seen her son between childhood and manhood before that night at the bungalow.

How she had recognised him then, whether by the divine eyesight of motherhood, which, the realists would tell us, is impossible, or by some sign known only to herself, no one can say.

With these rough ends Fiction can deal better than Truth, which, in the case of Tillie Tolmache, of Old Cats Lane, I submit to the reader, was far stranger than fiction.

AMAZING ELECTION FIGURES

How they are Voting

IF any proof were needed of the amazing part played in public life by JOHN BULL and its readers, it is to be found in the striking figures in our great Election Ballot.

The eyes of all Parties have been fixed upon it, for the readers of JOHN BULL are the best index of public opinion.

It will be remembered that, before the last General Election, the forecast of our readers was watched with the same unceasing interest, and, moreover, their prediction in due course proved a true one.

The overwhelming landslide of votes in favour of the Tory Party foreseen by JOHN BULL readers became a reality.

And what now? A phenomenal swing-over in public opinion is indicated by the present ballot. At the moment the analysis of voting gives these amazing figures:

	Cons.	Lab.	Lib.
In percentages ..	22.88	49.18	27.94
In seats	141	302	172
Present position in the House ..	397	160	46

Plus 7 Independents; 5 vacant seats.

* * *

The problem is to know whether this time our readers' prediction will come true, for the simple reason that the most industrious student of public opinion finds it difficult to decide which way the 5,500,000 new women voters will go.

Undoubtedly the majority of those who entered for the ballot were perplexed by this unknown quantity.

Will these women vote solidly with their men folk? Or will they use independent discretion and vote as they feel? Or will there be outstanding apathy and a big slice of the new vote wasted?

Here again the JOHN BULL ballot reveals an astounding fact. And that is that, *at the moment*, there is a definite apathy among the women.

In number the women who have polled in our ballot is less than half that of the men.

* * *

Of course, it is possible that there may be an eleventh-hour spurt, and that the women will play a surprise part in the General Election.

But, against this chance, it must be remembered that in the 1924 ballot our readers sent in predictions that were amazingly accurate, and were a true index of public opinion.

They declared that the Tories would secure as many as 351 seats, a forecast that, at the time, seemed to many a wild exaggeration.

One thing is abundantly clear, and that is that startling changes in the composition of the House are impending.

The final results of the ballot will be given in our issue dated May 25. Of one thing we shall then be certain—the way JOHN BULL readers are going to vote.

How *fast* should film be?

It must be fast, of course—as 'Kodak' film is. But after a certain point film can only be made speedier by sacrificing certain qualities that are essential to the making of good pictures.

For instance, if 'Kodak' film were any faster than it is, it would be fickle in temper. You would not be able to take such perfect snapshots alike in brilliant sunlight and under cloudy skies. Your negatives would be either over-exposed or under-exposed, and your prints would either be flat and lifeless or look like a mixture of soot and whitewash. This essential property that 'Kodak' film has of accommodating itself to varying conditions of light, and thus correcting possible errors of exposure, is what is technically known as 'latitude.' Freakishly fast film cannot show you this kindly indulgence. Here then is one sound reason why you should use only 'Kodak' film—the film that is known all over the world as 'the dependable film in the yellow carton.'

See that you get

'Kodak' film

in the yellow carton

COLD MUTTON

Fresh vegetables are costly items to provide these days—but who cares? Cold mutton can be just as appetising with a dash of 'O.K.' Sauce.

'O.K.' is a delicious combination of the richest fruits and choicest spices and it's as good from a health viewpoint as green vegetables.

Mason's

'O.K.'

Sauce

Home size now 6D

Family size 9D.

Do Men Prefer Blondes?

What 100 Married and 100 Unmarried Men Say.

Tests made by a noted psychologist with 100 married and 100 unmarried men show that in their preference for women a good complexion is the first consideration. As a matter of fact, about the same number of men prefer blondes as brunettes. But no man likes a woman with a shiny nose—he feels that she is careless and slovenly in her personal appearance—yet he does not like to see her continually powdering. You can make your face powder cling to your skin all day in spite of gusty winds, rainy weather or perspiration while dancing, simply by blending a little mousse of cream with it. The mousse of cream also acts as a tonic to the skin and its continued use greatly improves the complexion, imparting a new and natural beauty.

In Poudre Tokalon the mousse of cream is scientifically blended in just the right proportions with the finest air-floated powder. This is an exclusive and patented Tokalon process. Invisible on the skin, Poudre Tokalon gives a fresh, lovely, youthful complexion and has a faint fragrancewhich is alluring and fascinating. It is the greatest complexion discovery made in 50 years. Over three million women now use Poudre Tokalon—the mousse of cream powder—every morning

1/- a box, large box (double 1/- size) 1/6. Compacts 1/3, Refills 9d. Large de Luxe Compacts 1/9. Refills 1/-.

How mentally deficient girls are taught spinning—in the hope that the work will awaken their blind minds

The SINS of the FATHERS

Scandal of the Mentally Unfit

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN dropped something like a bombshell in his last speech in the House of Commons. "There are," he said, "about 141,000 insane persons who are under care in England and Wales, and that number shows a fairly regular increase of about 2,000 a year."

It is not surprising that he called it a problem of some magnitude. It is in the highest degree alarming, for that statement told only half the story. It dealt only with definite insanity.

There is the equally grave question of mental deficiency. "The serious aspect of the figures," said Mr. Chamberlain, "is that there are 300,000 mental deficients in the country, a number which is about double what was estimated by the Royal Commission in 1908."

Appalling total

It is disquieting to realise that while there is a steady increase in insanity of 2,000 cases every year, the increase in mental deficiency reaches the appalling total of 7,500 cases every year.

Such figures must arrest the thoughts of everyone who has any regard for the future mental and physical well-being of this country.

Even as I write I see in the newspaper an account of a man who, charged with being drunk and disorderly and striking two women, has been sent to an institution for mental defectives by Mr. Clarke Hall, the Old Street magistrate.

"I shall make an order for him to be sent to an institution," said Mr. Clarke Hall. "I do not want to turn out this mental defective of low grade to produce other mental defectives.

"I have had many abusive letters, one of which suggested that I should be removed from my position, but I am not to be swerved from my duty by threats of that sort."

This is a case that illustrates the twin dangers of the position to a nicety. Mental deficiency and crime are bedfellows. If we could only stamp out the one there would soon be a startling reduction in the other.

But even more serious is the fatal facility with which the mental defective reproduces his kind. I have in mind, for instance, a girl whose case came to my notice a few years ago.

Mentally deficient, and living in the Manchester slums, she had no fewer than eighteen illegitimate children in as many years—*and every one of them was mentally deficient too.*

By now it would probably puzzle a statistician to work out the volume of mental derangement that has been spread by that one girl.

Mr. Clarke Hall hit the spot when he said he would only allow the man before him to be at large if he could be perfectly certain that he would not produce other mental defectives.

Dr. Cyril Burt, the famous psychologist of the London County Council, has estimated that the proportion of mental deficients among delinquent children is four times greater than among children of the same class who never find their way to the police court.

There could hardly be a clearer proof of the close connection between mental deficiency and crime.

Take only one class of crime, sexual offences against young persons—brutal assaults on children, often followed by murder.

They show, according to the latest official figures available, a steady and startling increase—*and by far the greater proportion of offenders are mental defectives.*

The average number of persons tried annually from 1909-1913 was 884; but from 1920-1924 this number had grown to 1,508. Is it any wonder that there is a steadily increasing demand for enquiry and action?

If there is one thing more than another on which all authorities are agreed it is that defectives breed much more rapidly than normal people. Dr. Gibbons, of the Grosvenor Hospital for Women, says the rate is two to six times as fast.

Steady increase

In view of the steady increase in mental deficiency, this gives much food for thought.

What then ought to be done in face of what is undoubtedly becoming a grave national peril? Mr. Neville Chamberlain suggested one possible solution.

"The ideal method of dealing with these people in the light of our present knowledge," he said, "is in colonies which should consist of not less than 1,000 persons if they are to be carried on with the greatest efficiency.

"These colonies must be considered not as places in which mental deficients shall be kept for the rest of their lives, but rather as places where they shall, as far as possible, be trained up to a point at which they can be released and allowed to go out on licence and under supervision."

Undoubtedly such segregation, whilst tremendously expensive, would be effective up to a point; but you don't cure a disease just by hiding it from sight. I do not think, nor does anyone else really believe, that segregation is the final solution.

We are living to-day in a world in which it is possible to face facts and talk about them without any mealy-mouthed false modesty; and the facts we have to face in this case are the appalling fertility of the mentally deficient and the best ways of stopping it.

Sterilisation

We have come to a state of things when we must definitely consider the possibilities of sterilisation, for every serious thinker is coming to realise that the paramount problem is to prevent the mental deficient from propagating more mental deficiency.

There are certain States in America that have not hesitated to take this drastic course in their determination to protect the mental and physical health of the population.

It is not a matter for hasty judgment. On the contrary, it demands the strictest enquiry and investigation by the best brains we can summon to the job; but this enquiry should be undertaken. We cannot go on indefinitely impotently watching the cancer of degeneracy gnawing away at the nation's virility.

There has recently concluded an investigation into mental deficiency by a committee set up by the Ministry of Health. It is disquieting to find that the part of the report dealing with adults has, so far, been withheld from publication.

Why? Is it so alarming that the authorities dare not let us see it? We may be forgiven for thinking so, in view even of the facts I have disclosed here.

Mysteriously withheld

Even the *British Medical Journal* is alarmed. "The portion of the report which deals with adult defectives is still mysteriously withheld. Neither delay nor withholding is the fault of the joint committees themselves. In the public interest it is necessary to press for, even insist on, the early publication of the missing Part 3."

I entirely agree. Let us have the whole truth. And then let us tackle this grim problem in such a way as to make very certain that the steady poisoning of the nation's health shall speedily be stopped.

Unless we do we shall not be the first great Empire that has decayed to ruin because it chose to tax the fit that it might foolishly coddle the unfit in order to ensure their survival.

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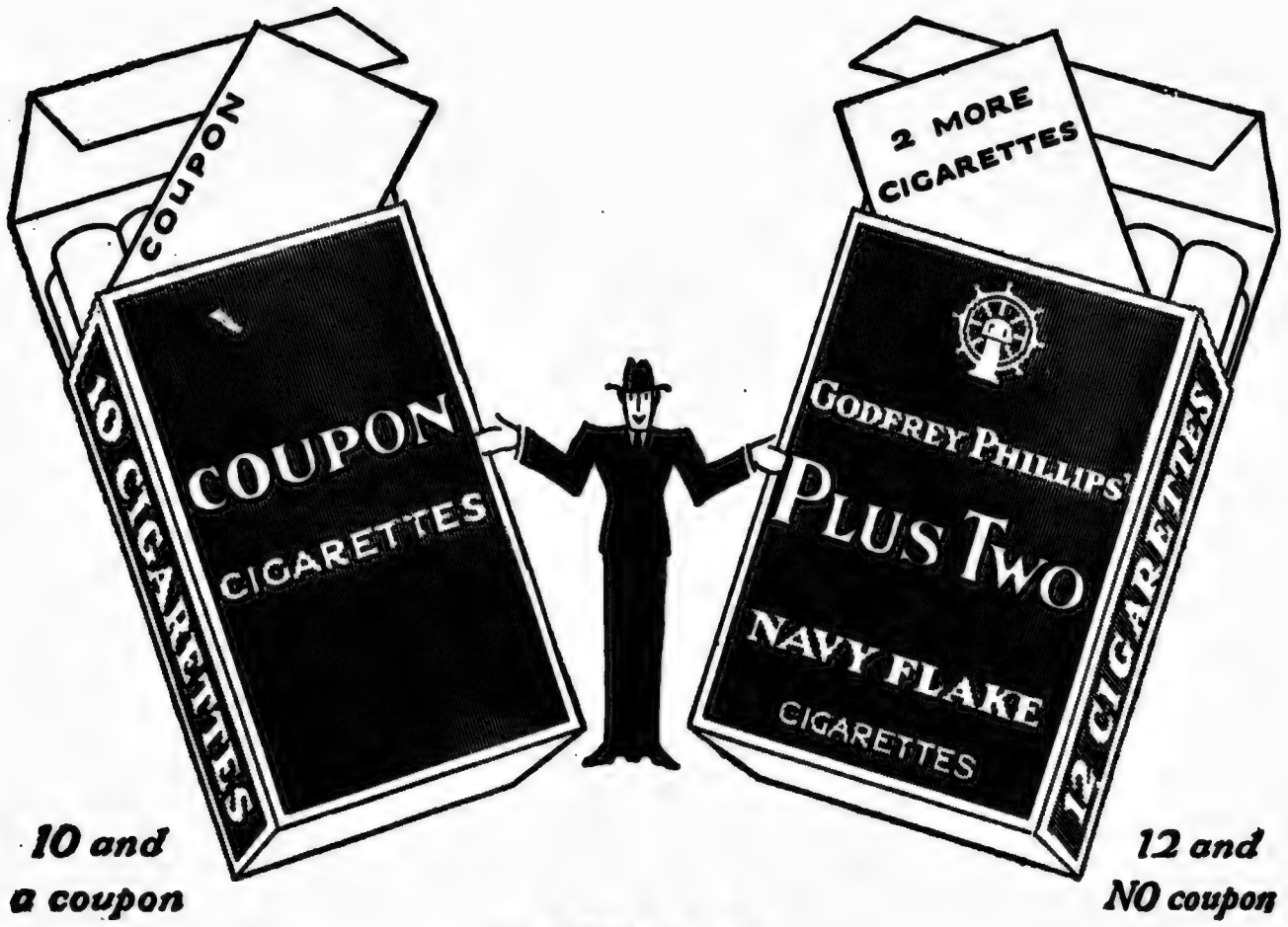

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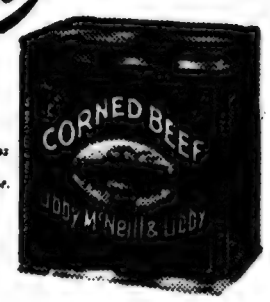

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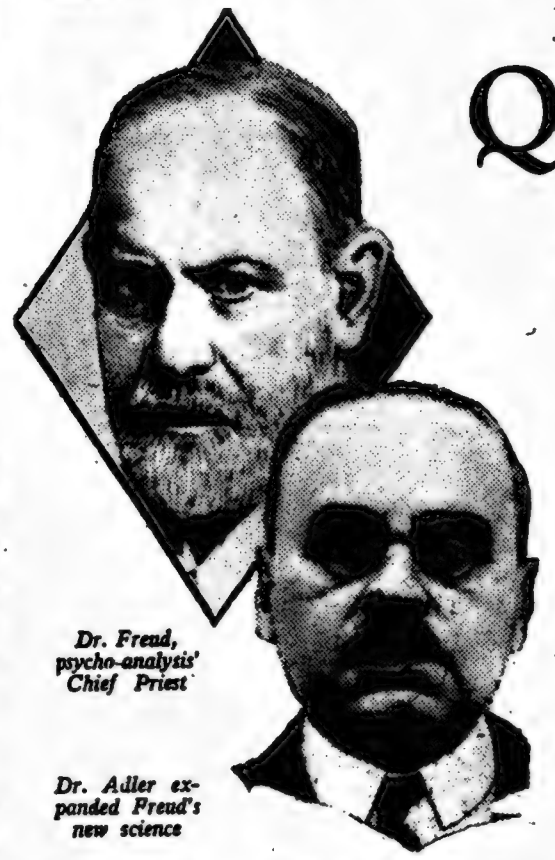

Dr. Freud, psycho-analysis' Chief Priest

Dr. Adler expanded Freud's new science

THERE are few things about which more rubbish has been talked than psycho-analysis.

Based on a new and startling theory of the mind's workings evolved by Dr. Freud, of Vienna, it claimed to be a powerful weapon in the hands of skilled doctors for the treatment of mental disabilities which had long defied all curative treatment.

It shed a floodlight of information on mental disease, and there are few doctors to-day who would profess a complete disbelief in it—properly used by skilled men.

It was a different matter when it became a fashionable cult. It opened the door to an orgy of sex discussion under the cover of "science," and it handed over the nervous and the neurotic to the mercies of all sorts of nasty-minded charlatans.

It is this gross misuse of what was, and still is, a highly skilled medical method that has for a number of years put psycho-analysis under a cloud in this country.

Common-sense?

It is a strange commentary on our supposed British common-sense that, while we treat fortune-telling as a crime, we allow any Tom, Dick or Harry to practise psycho-analysis.

It is about as sensible as letting children play with Mills bombs, for it is doubtful which does the more damage in the end.

The peculiar intimacy which exists between the analyst and his patient is only too clearly a source of grave danger.

Unless the analyst is a qualified medical man, possessing the high degree of integrity common to the profession, the patient may be placed in a perilous position.

Instances are not unknown where unscrupulous lay practitioners, having obtained information in the course of their analysis which is damaging to their patients' reputation, have embarked on a systematic course of blackmail.

Irregular conduct

A case of irregular conduct on the part of "psycho-analysts" was brought to our notice by a doctor who practises in the West End. He said: "A young Society girl who was suffering from a nervous breakdown consulted me recently. Her case puzzled me. There were no apparent reasons for her breakdown.

"She was engaged to be married to a young fellow who was devoted to her. In every way the match was suitable. To my surprise, she told me that she could not endure the thought of marriage, and that she intended breaking her engagement.

"As her doctor and as a friend of the family, I pressed her for a reason for this strange decision. After considerable persuasion she confessed that she had been consulting a psycho-analyst 'just for fun.' She had read a few books on the subject and curiosity led to a consultation.

"She is a highly strung and imaginative girl, and the analyst—a man of strong personality—had little difficulty in obtaining complete ascendancy over her. He informed her, after several sittings, that she possessed a 'complex' of a sexual nature that required adjusting. Sheer bunkum, of course.

"He persuaded her that a further course of treatment, costing fifty guineas, was essential if she was to regain complete psychic health.

"She agreed to take the course, but the disgusting manner in which this analyst probed into her sub-conscious sexual life so revolted her that she could not bear to contemplate marriage.

"The mere thought of marriage became degrading. She brooded over her thoughts until she reached a stage bordering on melancholia. Furthermore, the longer she continued the treatment, the more dependent she became on the analyst.

"She regarded him as an all-wise being whose wisdom could not be questioned. He, in return, considered her in the light of a charming investment returning high dividends."

Worn-out women

Psycho-analysis is becoming increasingly popular in the West End of London. Society women, worn out by the galeties of the season, consult these unqualified charlatans instead of their own doctors. Doctors are so uninteresting! They only prescribe a little bromide and regular hours.

But the psycho-analyst, like the conjurer who produces a rabbit out of a hat, is always able to produce a "complex."

There are about three hundred psycho-analysts practising in Great Britain, but less than 10 per cent. boast of any medical degree.

Before psycho-analysis became fashionable, the majority of these so-called "analysts" were advertising their gifts as hypnotists, masseurs, and clairvoyants. Quite a number of these versatile witch-doctors, with shrewd business acumen, have now established "sunlight ray" clinics as a sideline.

Psycho-analysis, which means dragging to consciousness thoughts that have long since been buried by the patient, is no job for the unskilled—let alone the pure quack.

For its efficacy as a medical weapon depends entirely on what is done with the thoughts when they have been disinterred. The quack can easily push the mind over the thin line that divides sanity from insanity.

It is not only women on whom the bogus psycho-analysts batten.

Large numbers of ex-Service men, victims of shell-shock and kindred nervous disorders, have paid sums—frequently amounting to the whole of their gratuities—to these pests.

An ex-Flight Lieutenant of the R.N.A.S. was unable to obtain employment owing to neurasthenia. In desperation he consulted a psycho-analyst, who ascertained that he had £300 in the bank. The analyst pocketed the £300 and the ex-officer stood in the gutter and sold matches.

The proprietor of a nursing-home in Worthing, in order to save himself from bankruptcy, decided to practise as a psycho-analyst.

He found little difficulty in filling his "home" with patients at ten guineas weekly per head. But none of the "patients" ever got better. And few had the strength of mind to leave the "home."

The analyst saw to that. He had a system of treatment in which the chief suggestion was that they were utterly dependent upon him, and that without him they could only become rapidly worse.

He was also a spiritualist and a dabbler in the occult, who had no scruples about frightening "patients" by holding séances.

But, believer though he was, the psycho-analyst, like so many other apostles of spiritualism, did not hesitate to resort to fraud. The trumpet séance was staged with devilish ingenuity.

It was held in a room—called the séance room—which was always kept dark in order to hide the holes in the ceiling through which wires were passed and attached to the trumpets on the floor below.

The wires were jerked up and down by the analyst's wife—a woman as unscrupulous as himself—who also imitated the voices of the departed.

He disappeared

But the analyst's vanity was his undoing. He was fond of inviting people to witness the "phenomena."

A hardened investigator, impressed by the energetic manner in which the "spirits" waved the trumpets about in the air, and marvelling at the readiness of the immortals to talk drivel, switched on an electric torch. Curtain!

A few weeks later the analyst boarded a boat bound for Australia.

Psycho-analysis should never be used except by a doctor who knows his job. The time has come when legislation should be brought in to put the bogus practitioner on a par with all the other quacks who batten on the credulous.

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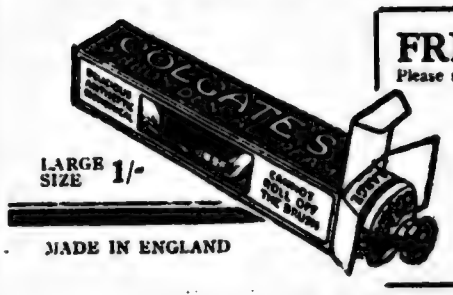

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Listen to what he has to say:

I have been running a Punch and Judy show for the last twenty years. I was born in Hoxton. My father was a Punch and Judy man—"Dandy" Fay they called him—and he saved every penny he could scrape together in order to "make a gentleman" of me.

He put me into a solicitor's office, but I couldn't stand clerking or lawyers.

When father died, my mother, who was a gipsy of pure Romany blood, begged me to take her on the road.

She hated having a roof over her head; she wanted to breathe again the pure air of the lanes and the roads and the countryside.

She taught me the Punch and Judy business. She was smarter at it than even most men. She loved nothing better than to get out her cotton and needle and to smarten up Punch's old coat, or dab red paint on his cheeks.

Mothering puppets

She died—did my old mother—holding Punch in her arms.

She was a child who never grew up. She loved the puppets as a mother loves her children. She could see, as people did not see, that the tragedy of Punch and Judy is the tragedy of everybody.

There is death in it. There is life in it. There is hope in it. There is disaster in it.

These puppets, jokes of the hand of man, possess a message. And that message is that we are all puppets—so let's try to be decent puppets.

I ran the show with a partner for a time. We quarrelled. I left him and joined a circus.

Then I fell in love with the manager's daughter, and being a man who wanted what he wanted and got what he wanted, I eloped with her.

The only gift we got was a letter from her father telling us that no financial help would be forthcoming from him.

Then I got a job as a porter at Smithfield, but, being used to country life, I could not stand the strain of it.

My health collapses

My health quickly gave way, and as a doctor agreed with me I quickly took to the road again.

So I taught my missus the art of Punch and Judy—and she was pretty smart at it too.

First, she didn't realise that, poor as I was, I could put across on my tiny stage a play that has had the longest run in the history of drama.

She didn't realise that, ragged as I was, ugly as I was, I could stage drama as convincing as that of the ancient Greeks—the "draw" that would make people stop and stare, then admire, then think.

We did very well until the war—the missus and I. Then I put on a uniform, and Punch had to have a long sleep in his basket.

Sometimes, when I stood in the trenches, almost up to my waist in water, I used to think of him and wonder what he would think about it all.

Sometimes, in a dug-out, when a rat would pause, stare and (non-combatants won't believe it) laugh at me, I used to think what Punch would have done to him.

Then came the Armistice, and, with no pension and no gratuity, I decided to carry on business.

Drama in a stick

The missus was fed up with old Punch. She told me not to take to the road again. She called it "begging."

What did I say? I said, "Begging! I don't take money for nothing. I give the kiddies and their fathers clean, honest entertainment."

They talk of the "talkies"; why, the Punch and Judy show was the first "talkie" show.

The theatre is failing because the chaps who write plays try to be too clever. They think that a bed and rather clever talk about sex makes a play. It doesn't.

There is more human drama in Punch's old stick than in all this chemise and missing-key adventures boiled together.

The things that happen to me! Three months ago I was playing in Hampstead, and a big car stopped and a gentleman got out.

He came across to me and said his children had never seen a Punch and Judy show, and would I bring my kit that evening to his house in Berkeley Square.

I did. It was a swagger house. There was a butler, a footman and all sorts of servants. You didn't know who you were talking to.

Then after I had given the kiddies a show in the nursery he took me down stairs and gave me a fine feed and a bottle of champagne.

I went home that night as proud as my own Punch!

I am a Punch and Judy man, the man who always "moves on." I give my show, take my little money and then the policeman comes and says "Move on."

I suppose you will ask how much money do I make? I will tell you. Three quid a week if we are lucky, and less than that if we aren't.

Money is not everything, not by a long way.

If you have got enough and shelter, a bit to buy a bit of finery for the missus, or a new coat for Punch, or a new skirt for Judy, or a few ounces of baccy for yourself—well, a man can reckon he is not doing so bad.

Sometimes I spend a few shillings on books, but not the trash women read.

Judy is the only decent one I know; she looks nice and doesn't talk. She amuses and doesn't destroy. She shuts up when I tell her to shut up.

I have read some of H. G. Wells' books. I have read Shaw. A parson gave me some books on religion last year. I chucked them all away.

I reckon a man can get closer to God on the Surrey downs than by reading books about Him.

Did He laugh?

I think that God sometimes watches my old Punch and Judy show and laughs when Punch whacks Judy.

I have got a sense of humour, and I often wonder whether God laughed when He saw His first duck waddle across the first road.

* * *

That is the story of the Punch and Judy man. That is the story of the age-old play with the longest run in the world, and of the puppets that might be people.

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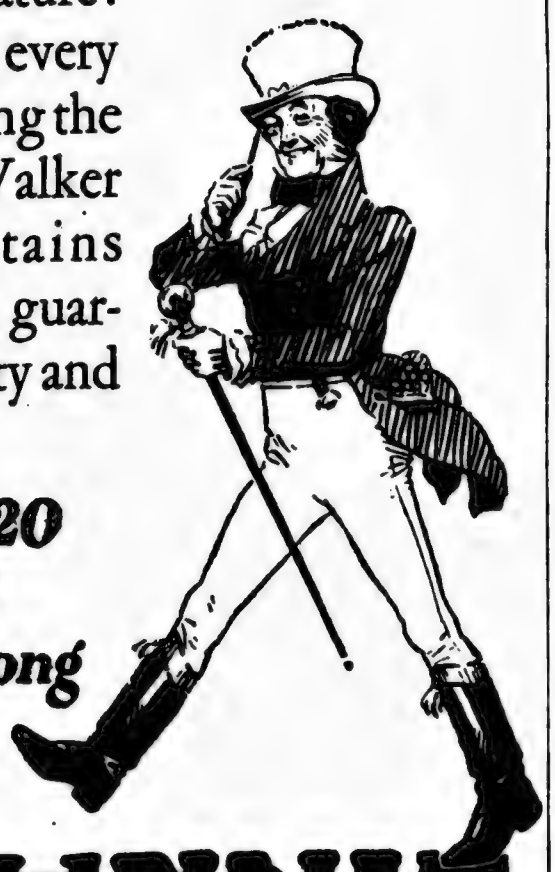

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When THE DEVIL PRODS

Shylock Confesses his Sins

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

YOU, "Humanist," more than anyone else, must realise what a deadening burden is the uneasy conscience, what torture it is, what pain and misery it always brings in its train.

Let me tell you my story, and see if you can point to a way by which I can ease my conscience.

I am wealthy and middle-aged. I have a family of five, the youngest being ten and the eldest twenty.

I have a splendid house in the country, two cars, a small yacht at Westcliff, and everything that a man could reasonably wish for—except peace of mind.

When I was twenty my father died, and I inherited his fortune of over £50,000. I knew that it was tainted money. I knew that every penny of it had been made by means of an illicit calling which I need not name.

But that did not worry me. I was a reckless boy, with extravagant tastes. I wanted a good time, and was greedy in my ambitions for every kind of luxury.

The ill-gotten fortune dwindled, until I realised that I must get busy and amass more money quickly. I invested what was left, but the honest return was insufficient for my mercenary demands.

I wanted to get rich quickly, and, being unscrupulous, I turned to money-lending.

I dealt with poor and middle-class clients. I squeezed them like lemons. I could weep now when I think of the homes and the lives I wrecked.

Before I was thirty I was rich again. I married a charming woman, from whom I rigorously kept the secret of my sordid profession. She believed, and still believes, that my income is derived from honest investments.

For years I went on plundering the needy and living in the lap of luxury, until last year I fell seriously ill.

Almost on my death-bed, I realised the horror of it all. I realised the baseness both of my father's and my own money-making methods.

Now conscience drives me almost to suicide. What can I do? It would break my wife's heart if she knew. It would ruin the careers of my children if the secret leaked out.

It is impossible to return what I have stolen (for that is the only word). What can I do, "Humanist"?

"HUMANIST" says: It would be cowardly to ease your conscience at the expense of your wife and children. You must keep your secret; it is your punishment.

What you can do is to sever yourself entirely from your sordid occupation, and, if you are truly repentant, you will devote your time, and as much of your riches as you can, to helping in some charitable way that class of people you have victimised.

STORM TOSSED

but harbour in sight

MARRIED first at nineteen, I became a mother at the age of twenty. My husband was good to me, and even when other children came quickly, a boy when I was twenty-two and a girl again in a year or so, it did not disturb our peace.

We still managed well, for hubby was a strict teetotaller.

Perhaps we were too happy, for when my youngest child was only four years old hubby died. I was a very young widow, and although I now had not only myself but a little family to support, I felt, at times, a girlish longing for a little amusement.

Thus one night, when a neighbour's daughter asked me to walk out with her, I eagerly assented. Coming home in the 'bus, a man raised his hat, and when I looked at him he smiled and said, "How are you keeping?"

I then found out that he was an attendant at a theatre where I had often gone with my husband.

As soon as this man learned that I was a widow he asked me to meet him. I did, but I had first asked him whether he was married or not, and he said "No." He had, he said, made a mistake when a boy and married the wrong one, but had divorced her.

Later he began calling at my home. He was awfully kind to my kiddies, who soon grew very fond of him.

When he turned up one day with a little girl I had a twinge of doubt, but he explained that it was his widowed sister's child.

After five months of this sort of thing, my sister called one day to ask what I meant by going out with a married man. I was thunderstruck, but it was only too true.

I made enquiries and found the man was living apart from his wife, that he had left her to go into the workhouse to have her second child, that he had served more than one term of imprisonment for shirking her maintenance, and that the little girl he had brought to see me was his by still another woman he was living with!

Worse than all, this woman also had been left to go into the workhouse with her second baby about the very time he asked me to walk out with him.

My heart was now like lead, for, under the promise of marriage, I also had been seduced, and was again preparing for motherhood.

For five years I have thus been doubly bereft, working like a slave to keep myself and four children.

Yet once again, I am in love. Where I work has come a man, an honest fellow whom I know well, for he went to school with my brother. He believes I am a widow with four orphan children.

He wants to marry me, but lately the other man has begun to pester me again. He says if I venture to marry another man he will "upset the apple-cart" by telling him all.

Was ever a woman in such an awful position? Do, if you can, advise me what to do.

"HUMANIST" says: Marry this honest man whom you have known from childhood, but not with a secret between you.

This is the only way to rid yourself of your betrayer, for, if your new friend cares for you in the right way, he will not only sympathise with you, but protect you.

SNOBBISH PARENTS

thwart love

HANDICAPPED with a small stature and a shy disposition, I have been singularly unfortunate with the opposite sex.

As I am nearing thirty, and earning good money, I naturally desire to marry and settle down.

Two months ago I met a girl a year or two older than myself and rather homely-looking, but who stuck to me and said "Yes" when I proposed.

She has a little money, and together with my savings we were planning to make a home together.

Then I was invited by my girl to visit her parents, and I received a shock, for the house was dirty and the people loud-mouthed and coarse.

Fearing to judge too hastily, I persuaded my own parents to call, and they were revolted beyond all possibility of agreeing to my wedding.

Now my father and mother are determined that I shall give up this girl.

My mother says, "As the mother is so will the daughter be."

Yet I love this girl. Her ways are refined, and she is the first girl who has never laughed at me and who really seems to need me.

"HUMANIST" says: Then marry her, and good luck to you both. It is by no means certain that a girl must follow her mother's footsteps, for education is always moving us on, and your girl has evidently profited by hers.

She showed good sense in making no stupid and snobbish apologies for parents whose manners she has outstripped, and if you are wise you will think all the more of her on that account.

Homely Wisdom *By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

DON'T SAY IT

Hilaire Belloc

THERE is something in the writing of Hilaire Belloc which appeals to me. I hardly know what it is. I like his bite, for he does bite, and bites hard sometimes. He is often ironical, savage and bitter in his comments on the humbug and pretence that pervade our social and public life.

There are occasions when he snarls in print with a violence that makes one jump and wonder whether he believes that honesty and sincerity are to be found anywhere on earth.

But there are tender depths in him all the same, and he says unforgettably beautiful things that reveal insight into and sympathy with the trials and sufferings of humble, ordinary folk.

Thus he observes somewhere that to him the saddest thing in life is the death of an old friendship. That is a statement that sticks in the mind.

Why do so many dear and intimate fellowships go wrong? My own belief is that unguarded speech is more often to blame than anything else.

You love somebody intensely—say a wife, husband, trusted friend. The association enriches your home and brightens your days. You get into the way of taking it for granted, valuing it highly, but not being careful enough to keep it sweet and unharmed.

Then one day there is a quarrel. You become irritated, uncontrolled, your vanity is wounded, and you lash out and say something utterly unpardonable.

You do not really mean it; you only want to hurt and humiliate the person against whom your momentary anger is directed; but you cannot undo the mischief.

The moment you have uttered the words you wish you could recall them, but it is too late. Perhaps your pride will not let you say you are sorry, and you wait until passion is cooled, only to find that love is cooled too.

Outwardly there may be reconciliation and amendment, but things are never quite the same again; that unfortunate utterance interposes a barrier—impalpable, elusive, but none the less real.

I once heard the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll say that he knew of no panacea for remorse. I thank God that I think I do, but it is not easily found. It is to seek pardon of God, so that you may be a better man to the rest of the world because of your sorrow for the wrong you have inflicted on one to whom you cannot atone.

But it is better not to have to know that sorrow. Keep watch over your tongue and shut down hard on every temptation to cause pain and grief where you owe only love and joy.

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KINDLY STATE REQUIREMENTS.

My Secret Superstition

CLOCKS to me are imbued with a supernatural knowledge of our destinies.

Before my mother was taken ill, a large clock made the most mournful sound as it ticked. When mother died the clock stopped.

Among our wedding presents was a nice clock, presented by my husband's workmates. It was a perfect timekeeper for twelve years.

One Sunday morning it fell from the mantelpiece, though nobody had touched it. My husband died suddenly that afternoon.

My mother-in-law's clock made the most awful noise just as she died. The spring had broken.—*A. Lane, Cheshire.*

Washday Shrouds

Perhaps it is merely a coincidence, but every time I have hung three sheets on one line on washday there has been a death in the family.

A neighbour once hung up three sheets, and after laughing at me for warning her, she put up another and said, "Four will knock at my own door." Her little daughter was killed two hours later.—*J. Birch, Openshaw.*

Death Doves

When a small child I was once alone in the kitchen when a pigeon flew in and settled upon a picture-frame. My mother came in and saw it. She gave a scream and said, "My God, my mother has gone!"

About half an hour later a telegram came to say my grandmother was dead.

Although I am married with a family of my own, if I see a pigeon near my house I shut the doors and windows, thinking I have shut out death.—*S. K. H., Ashford.*

Black Cats

Black cats are considered by most people to be lucky, but in my case they are absolutely the reverse.

I lost two brothers in the war, and on both occasions a strange black cat walked into the house on the same day as I heard the news.

If one of the neighbours' black cats walks into our house I am sure to break or lose something in the course of the day.—*Annie Taylor, Elland.*

Bowlegged Jonahs

When on my way to the trawler bound for deep-sea fishing, if I meet a bowlegged man I am never peaceful in mind until ashore again.

During a long period in this line, whenever I have met one, something has happened during the trip, four times with serious results to myself.

Other accidents have occurred to members of the crew under most peculiar circumstances, or the fishing has proved financially disastrous.—*Third Hand, Yorks.*

What About the Boy?

At the best of times parsley is queer stuff, absolutely refusing to grow at all in certain spots for no apparent reason. Transplant it and you die before the year is out.

A friend of mine had some, and two of his friends took some to transplant. They both died before the year was out.

Since then I don't care to transplant parsley, but when it must be done I get a boy to do it.—*H. E., Gardener.*

Class Will Tell

When I go to a race-meeting for a day's outing, now and again, I back any horse owned either by a duke or other peer.

Sometimes there are three or four in one race, and I back them all. I have done this for several years now, and have had some nice little wins.—*E. K. L., Boston.*

Nightmare Posies

I am superstitious in respect of certain happenings which occur in some of my dreams.

Sometimes I see wild or cultivated flowers growing, and if anyone picks me a bunch, or even if I pick them myself, I wake up next morning with a sense of depression, because whenever this has occurred some member of my family has had an illness shortly afterwards.—*Dreamer, Notts.*

Bewitching Egg-shells

In my childhood my grandmother always directed me, after eating a boiled egg, to put the spoon through the bottom of the shell "to prevent the goodies from getting back to Mona" (Anglesey).

The idea was that the banished witches might use unbroken shells as boats to carry them across the Menai Straits.

I continue to take this precautionary measure up to the present day, and the inhabitants of Anglesey are under a considerable debt to me, as I must have kept vast hordes of witches from their shores.—*H. S. F. L., Sussex.*

My Maiden Speech
If I were a New M.P.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject above, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters on this subject must reach us by first post on Tuesday, May 21.

Hypnotic Chalk

I am passionately fond of billiards and for some years I have cherished a belief that if I am in the act of steadily chalking my cue and keep my eyes fixed on my opponent's ball he will be prevented in some unaccountable way from continuing his score.

The feeling is not frequent, only appearing when a critical stage is reached, and never once has my opponent continued scoring when I have become obsessed with this strange superstition.—*Long 'Un, Eaglescliffe.*

Souls with Whiskers

There is an old seafaring superstition that all cats are the souls of lost Chinamen.

I laughed when I first heard of it, but ultimate contact with Chinese of a low type in ships influenced me.

Somehow certain peculiarities of the feline tribe seemed to appear in these fellows. The uncanny manner in which one Chinese fireman could imitate a cat's howls lent colour to this superstition.—*Frank Clitheroe, Durham.*

Pointed Mascot

I was in Borneo, where native women work in the fields.

Once I saw a man stroll up behind a woman and prod her with a pin at the end of a stick, to make her work faster. I knocked the fellow down and took the stick away.

Since returning to England I have used this particular pin for picking out winners in the newspapers with astounding success.

No other pin will do the trick, and I would not part with it for anything.—*Wm. Bambrick, Highbury.*

Potted Warning

When I was married I had an aspidistra plant given me, and all through my married life I have noticed that if we are going to have a bad time the leaves lose their freshness and new ones are slow in coming.

If everything is right with us the plant seems different altogether, although I always treat it in the same way.

It is a coincidence which has never failed in fifteen years.—*N. Burrort, Homerton.*

* * *

Letters in Little

Let tyrants beware and observe the number of "cases" exempt from "worldly law" that are dealt with by "Mr. Justice Retribution."—*E. Penarth.*

I am not a spiritualist, but I feel that the hates and passions of men and women cling to a place.—*Annie T. Callcott, S. Wales.*

I dread obtaining photos from friends across the sea. I have a superstition that I may never see them again.—*Madge Herman, London.*

To pick up a six-inch nail in a crowded street, tuck it in your hand-bag and walk on regardless of stares and grins, requires some nerve.—*"Magnet," Darwen.*

The man who is not afraid to walk under a ladder is usually he who is most fit to climb that ladder when his opportunity comes.—*H. J. N., Blackheath.*

My secret superstition is that my own name is unlucky. Probably my employing it here, and upon the anniversary of my birthday, may help me to get rid of this ridiculous idea.—*Florence Russell, York.*

I can't give the why or the how, but I frankly confess in all meekness I can't stand the sight of a cow.—*Hewer, Hastings, Leeds.*

I never wash any article of clothing on a New Year's Day, lest I should wash someone out of the family.—*E. Andrews, Lancs.*

Race with "Si'ver Ring"

"Hurry On" to Him

A LARGE number of readers who have backed my Derby selection, Cragadour, have asked for the best each-way long-shot.

Without hesitation I suggest Walter Gay, as I think this grandson of Lord Woolavington's gold-mine stallion, Hurry On, will be the Beckhampton pea.

Next to Mr. Jinks, Walter Gay was the pick, on looks, of the runners for the "Guineas." He finished a good fifth, and it was obvious that Fred Darling had left plenty of material to work on.

Three of Hurry On's sons have captured the Derby since 1921, and, oddly enough, all failed in the Newmarket classic.

Captain Cuttle was third to St. Louis. Coronach went under to Colorado, and Apple Sammy pipped Call Boy. But the stamina inherited from Hurry On told another tale on Epsom Downs a few weeks later.

Lord Woolavington's purchase of Hurry On illustrates the amazing luck of the breeding industry. The horse was never beaten during his short racing career.

Naturally there was a great demand for his services at the stud, and his Derby-winning sons, Captain Cuttle and Coronach, have been equally in request.

At the moment the trio are earning an annual income of over £40,000.

With regard to Call Boy, for sentimental reasons an American offer of £100,000 was turned down after Mr. Frank Curzon's death, but the horse made the record price in this country of £60,000.

And Hurry On cost Lord Woolavington 500 guineas as a yearling!

Grandisson, who won for the Code last week at the nice price of 100 to 12, should never be missed. He will win two or three nice handicaps for Lord Glanely this season.

Lord Woolavington's gold-mine

JOHN BULL'S CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 16, to Wednesday, May 22, and will then be revised.

C X 5 H J V F D O K 3 A L U N
Y G B 7 W P M E T 9 S I R Z Q

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. MDR3ODIE would read FELSTEAD.

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Why let the strong and vigorous pass you in the race of life? Why be handicapped by a burden of weariness and ill-health? Start taking Nonn *TO-DAY* and watch the new health creep into your face, feel the nervous ills vanish. Look back on the ailments that have lived long with you in the past. Know how to smile your way through life!

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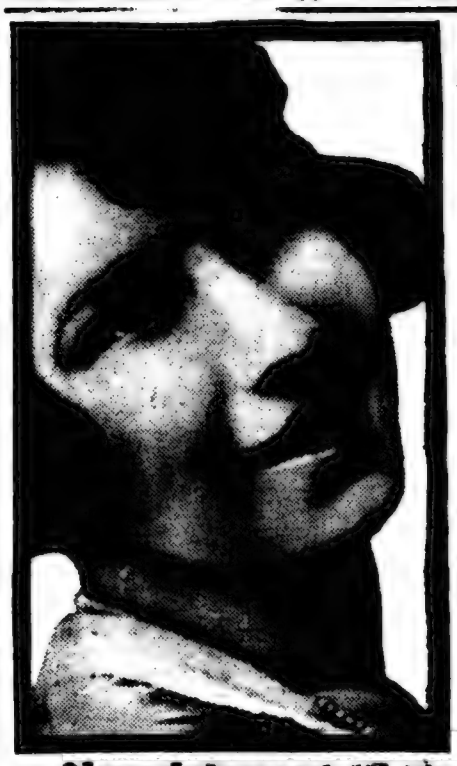
£500 awarded in "John Bull" Crossword Competition No. 10. Only one correct solution was received for "John Bull" Crossword Competition No. 10. This was sent in by Miss I. Hobson, 6, Gloucester Street, Glasgow, C.5., to whom, subject to the conditions of the competition, a cheque for £500 will be despatched.

Another £500 X-Word appears on page 4. TRY YOUR SKILL NOW!



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February, 1929.

I FEEL I must write and tell you what great relief your Cassell's Tablets have given me from headaches. I had suffered nearly four months with nerves, for weeks my head was terrible. I did not know what to do for pain. Nothing I took seemed any good. Then I saw a Cassell's Tablets advertisement and tried them. The first bottle brought relief. Now I am quite free from head pains. I feel different altogether. I would like everyone to know how good they are.—Miss O. Pearce, 15, Roberts Road, Watford.

Nourishment IS Necessary. Any medical man will tell you that the only remedy for a run-down nervy condition is rest and a tonic. Until the nervous system is revitalised those constant nervous headaches will NOT go. Thousands of women find in Cassell's just the tonic they need. Get some to-day.

ALSO TAKE CASSELL'S FOR: HEADACHES, INSOMNIA, DEPRESSION, ANAEMIA, INDIGESTION, PALPITATION, FLATULENCE, ETC. 1/3 & 3/- per box. All Chemists.

CASSELL'S TABLETS

RISK HE DARE NOT TAKE

IT is a terrible blow for the father of a young family to lose his wife, and to be faced with the problem of who is to look after his children when he is at work or looking for a job.

The following is the story, in his own words, of a widower so devoted to his little ones that he dare not risk seeking help from the guardians for fear of their being taken from him. "I could not sit down to meals without them," he explained.

He wants work, not charity

"My life has been a trying one since the war. Until January 11, 1915, I had my own business as a general dealer. I forfeited all to take part in the war. Since then, I have had no chance to get on my feet again.

"I was discharged C3 with gunshot wound in leg. Until 1927, I was in receipt of a pension of 9s. 6d. per week. This I was obliged to commute for £47 1s. 6d. to get my wife nourishment.

"I applied for assistance to several societies, but, as my wife's illness was likely to be a protracted one, I received nothing—not even a pennyworth of milk. We were obliged to pawn all we had, and sell what was saleable.

"On February 2, 1929, the anniversary of our wedding-day, my wife passed away, leaving me with four children, whose ages are ten, eight, six and four.

"In the very week of my wife's death I was told that there was no more work for me, at a place where I was earning a starvation wage.

"Should I apply to the guardians, the first thing they would say is that my children are in my way.

"Is there any reader of JOHN BULL who can find employment for me, so that I may keep my children in their little bit of home that we are still hanging on to?"

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities' Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

Mrs. E. Moss, 6d.; Mrs. T. L. Skinner, £1 3s.; T. D. (Colne), 1s.; Evesham, 6d.; Anon., 2s.; Working Man's Family, 7s. 6d.; Smutty Holmes (Barnsley), 1s.; One Ninth (Scarborough), 2d.; Gratitude 2, 10s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; X. (Hong Kong), 10s.; Violet Phillips (Sherborne), 1s. 6d.; Valian, £2; L. A. L., 10s.; On the 9th, 3d.; Miss C. E. D. Osborn, 1s.; E. and J., 5s.; A Bulleteer, 9d.; N. H. (Walthamstow), 5s.; Mr. C. Turner, 5s.; Olive Richards, 6d.; "?" 1s. 3d.; C. A. B. (Witham), 3s. 6d.; H. C. Ennos, 6d.; E. Mary Harries, 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Fred Stanley, 2s. 6d.; A. C. Tee, 1s.; Ex-Target (Tees), 6d.; S. Chapman (Gt. Yarmouth), 5s.; P. (Every Little Helps), 2s.; A. L. O. T. L., 15s.; L. T. Ed., £1; W. I. (Norwood), 4½d.; A. Jaye (Ashton-under-Lyne), 1s.; Mrs. Huxstep (Acton), 10s.; Miss D. E. Davison, 5s.; 'Arriet and Liza, 2s.; Maud (Desborough), 2s.; F. M. H. (Walsall), 1s.; Indus Proc, 10s.; Whistite (Cardiff), 3s.; A. T. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; Oxonian, 10s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; J. P. G., 2s.; Anon. (Wishaw), 5s.; From a Friend, 5s.; Anon. (E. Torbay), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. L. Cooper, 1s.; A. S., 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; L. G., 6d.; Anon. (Fort William), 2s.; Anon (Woolwich), 2s. 6d.; Reader, 2s.; F. S., £1; Wilfred Wood, 6d.; Mark Crowe, 2s. 6d.; Constant Reader (North Warnborough), 2s.; Billie, 4½d.; W. L. Hopper, 1s.; A Soldier, 2s. 6d.; M. Jones (Blaen), 2s. 6d.; Joey (Picture Money), 4s.; J. Thompson (Barrow-in-Furness), 4s.; Mr. E. Hughes (Aberdovey), 4s. 6d.; E. Wilding (Northwich), 1s. 6d.; Mr. F. Senior (Swindon), 5s.; A Thankful Son, 1s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from S. D. Crowhurst, H. Sear, An Old Reader, W. E. C., Bunty, Mrs. F. Tylers, E. T. York, Constant Reader (Golborne), 2417 (Holton), Lammermor Friend, Mrs. T. E. B. (Ayrshire), Mother of Nine, Would Do.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

DID YOU BACK THEM?

Royal Minstrel (Victoria Cup—3 to 1), First Flight (Chester Cup—9 to 1). Did you back them? If not, you were not following the tips of the experts in *The Sporting Life* WEEKLY Edition.

A further word to the wise: All eyes are on the Derby. You will find all the horses engaged and the best information in "The Weekly." Every Saturday, 2d.

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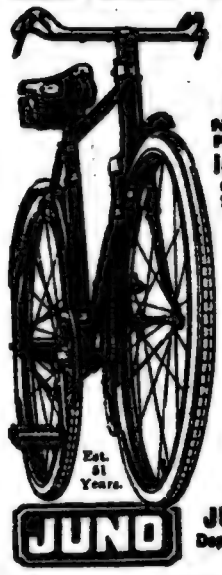

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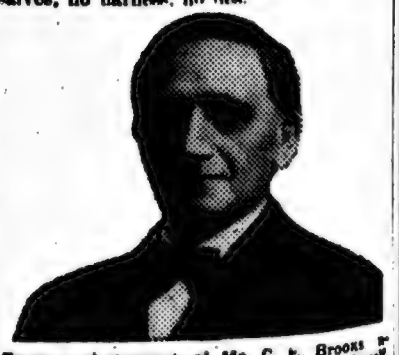

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The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

R. T. (Evesham).—"Face powder often catches a man." But it is baking powder that keeps him.

GEO. L. (Amersham).—"I think she is very sweet." Perhaps so—but not on you.

B. L. T. (Edgehill).—"I lost control of my car." Those instalments take some finding, don't they?

A. S. (Oxford).—"The only time my wife kisses me is when she needs money." Surely that's often enough.

L. G. (Hunstanton).—"The sting of a bee is a cure for rheumatism." Also inertia!

L. B. (Wanstead).—"My brother has had to give up his jazz orchestra." Perhaps he's going to take up music.

O. B. (Wallasey).—"I want my boy to take up the piano." And later you'll want him to drop it.

D. R. T. (Pudsey).—"A man can be a lunatic and not know it." Not if he's married.

L. T. (Balham).—"Farmers are distressed by the shortage of water." Especially dairy-farmers.

H. P. G. (Frome).—"What does a man's hereafter depend on?" On what he's after here.

J. L. (Newbury).—"Truth is stranger than fiction." It's a perfect stranger to some people.

E. M. (Sutton).—"I often wonder what I would be to-day if I had never married." Single.

K. B. (Greenwich).—"I go to Brighton just for the sea bathing." Some go just to see others bathing.

Miss G. (Hook).—"I met my fiancé at a bargain sale." And you marked him down?

S. S. (Bow).—"The bills and coos of married life soon finish." The coos do. The bills go on for ever.

F. T. (Kilsyth).—"A new game is required for girls." But they are up to too many already.

C. K. (Merstham).—"A garden will usually keep a man out of mischief." What about Adam?

ACTOR (Bayswater).—"You can say what you like about Wigan." Thanks, but there's nothing we do like.

G. Q. (Ross).—"One can easily pay twelve guineas for a really good suit." We shouldn't find it too easy.

Miss J. N. (Cardiff).—"I should like to lift some man to great heights." Get a job as a lift girl.

H. W. (Tamworth).—"The bride was given away by her grand-daughter." We should think she was.

H. P. (Elmswell).—"Some bachelors wish for the peace and quiet of married life." And so do some married men.

T. L. (Richmond).—"I've been offered £500 for the house as it stands." Well, that's more than some houses do, nowadays.

V. K. (Bristol).—"Even if I go to bed at midnight, I never miss my physical exercises." It's never too late to bend.

B. L. K. (Gosport).—"Can insects communicate with each other?" If the telephone operator decides to let them.

F. A. (Chelmsford).—"I sent half-a-crown for fresh fish and only got a few haddocks in a box." Did you expect a steam-trawler round at the back door?

M. M. (Quantock).—"Hill fires are still burning down here." We'll ask the printer to be specially careful about this one.

M. D. (Ewarby).—"The instinct of self-preservation is particularly strong in the female sex." For that the chemists have to be eternally thankful.

B. L. (Wivenhoe).—"Good-bye for ever." Please stamp your next letter!

J. McC. (Aberdeen).—"When money is wanted, I'm the first to put my hand in my pocket." And keep it there?

C. Y. (Bawtry).—"My girl's money is a great trouble to her." Perhaps she'll let you share her troubles.

B. S. (U.S.A.).—"Boston is noted for its boots and shoes." And Chicago for its shoots and booze.

BUILDER (Letchworth).—"I keep a pet tortoise." To set a good example to your bricklayers?

F. K. (Dover).—"Married couples have a lot to contend with." They have each other.

D. L. (Weymouth).—"Miss 1929 has a head on her shoulders." Or on somebody else's.

PIANIST (Durham).—"I have a lot of promising pupils." Still, perhaps they will pay up some day.

D. L. R. (Hove).—"Give me a man who sings at his work." We prefer one who doesn't make a song about it.

J. S. (Oxted).—"A woman is always happy before a glass." And a man after a glass.

D. R. (Barnes).—"A girl always remembers how a man treats her." And she doesn't forget the times when he doesn't.

MRS. J. C. (Margate).—"I wonder why my rooms are always empty?" Because you don't fill your boarders, perhaps.

S. J. G. (Falmouth).—"The English taxpayer is like the camel; he always has the hump." And the taxes are the last straw.

M. L. (Tenby).—"Present-day children expect to be driven to school in a motor-car." Most of them want taking to task.

D. W. (Tollington Park).—"I think that our young girls should be persuaded to keep slim." They may possibly submit to a little pressure.

HARRY V. (Alnwick).—"In Scotland a fine has been imposed for playing tennis on Sunday." It must have been a hard court.

W. D. (Falmouth).—"I'm aiming at a gramophone that will play for several days at one winding." Let's hope you hit it.

S. T. (Coventry).—"The world's output of cars this year will run into millions." You needn't worry, so long as you are not among the millions.

C. J. (Lewisham).—"Our present-day London police are men of more than average intelligence." But haven't they always been noted for their large understandings?

R. M. (Brent).—"Women should wear their dresses a few inches longer and then the cloth industry would benefit." And their husbands would benefit if they wore them a few years longer.

C. R. (Devonport).—"I can't sleep for hours on end." Then lie down.

J. D. (Cheadle).—"I can't see a way out." We'll show you one if you call.

H. Y. (Leeds).—"Women make poor detectives." Wait till you're married, laddie—you'll know better.

DORIS (Brighton).—"I shall not marry him for his money." Do you know some other way of getting it?

P. V. (Grimsby).—"I can't think what my wife wants with a new dress." Probably a new hat.

R. E. (Wadhurst).—"Is it illegal for a cyclist to pass a vehicle on the near side?" No, idiotic.

V. S. (Reigate).—"The enclosed poem is quite original." Pleased to meet you, Lord Tennyson.

N. W. (Dorking).—"Poultry farming can be made to pay." At any rate, you get a run for your money.

PANSY (Hastings).—"I shall certainly make him a good wife." But will you be able to make him a good husband?

G. S. (Altrincham).—"Now that I am engaged, I suppose it is as good as being married?" Better.

B. T. (Normanton).—"Have you got anything to say about my last article?" Yes; it's a great relief to hear that it is your last.

N. H. (Peckham).—"He sells more wireless sets than I do, although I make a better show." Perhaps he shows a better make.

L. H. (Uckfield).—"My wife declares that she married for good looks and brains." Oh, then you're not her first husband.

D. N. (Sunderland).—"The old-fashioned sixpenny novel is now sold at seven and sixpence." Yes—only the story's worse and the paper's better.

J. W. A. (Gloucester).—"My sweetheart is always doing things behind my back." Scrap the pillion and get a side-car.

T. G. (Melksham).—"Everybody should lie on the right side." The only exception is the politician, who can do it on both sides.

J. R. (Ripon).—"We must be careful what we say to our enemies." And more careful what we write to our friends.

S. L. (Malling).—"What would you call a man who boasts that he never drinks, gambles, smokes or goes to a theatre?" A liar.

F. W. (Hastings).—"I wish I could drown my neighbour's daughter. She plays the piano all day." Win a *Bullets* Gramophone this week and drown the piano with music.

S. R. (Farnham).—"What is the proper time to congratulate a bride and bridegroom?" After they have lived together a year and are still happy.

A. H. (Ilford).—"I have the advantage of a big vocabulary." Then why don't you think of some words you can spell?

F. J. (Maida Va'e).—"I wish I could spend a few enjoyable musical evenings." Why not try an heir from the nursery?

J. H. G. (Lambeth).—"I always sing to my small son when he cries." Why not try to stop him crying?

F. B. (Evesham).—"Whenever I speak to her she jumps down my throat." Then keep your mouth shut.

K. J. (Guildford).—"I hope to call and see you in time." You won't, if we see you in time.

L. K. (Horsham).—"Every musical composition has a motive." It is often revenge, we imagine.

S. D. R. (Frome).—"A man's best friends are his hair and teeth." But even the best of friends fall out.

F. M. (Romford).—"They promised me a square meal, and do you know what they gave me?" A dog-biscuit?

ALMA S. (Bath).—"A gentleman has called me handsome. Is it sinful of me to be proud of the compliment?" Not at all. He's the sinner, not you.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—"SINGLE-HANDED GARDENER wanted; must be ACCUSTOMED TO A LITTLE GLASS."

CONGLETON CHRONICLE:—"... produced a MEDICAL certificate which stated that the defendant suffered from METAL DEFICIENCY."

THE WORLD'S FAIR:—"Boiled Sweets. Send a postal order for 20s. and see how you are BOBBED."

GREENOCK HERALD:—"It is to be hoped that the Corporation will see to it that not ONE STONE IS LEFT UNTURNED that will in any way LIGHTEN THE LOAD under which the community is almost smothered."

RACING AND FOOTBALL OUTLOOK:—"The Queen's Prize at Kempton is TWO MILES in length."

PETERBORO' ADVERTISER:—"This is the final fixture in the Leighton and District League and also the DECEIVING match for first position."

AIRDRIE AND COATBRIDGE ADVERTISER:—"COOK the MARGARINE in BOILING SALTED WATER TILL TENDER."

EAST ANGLIAN DAILY TIMES:—"SAXOPHONE and TRUMPET PLAYER could conduct or teach dance or brass bands; good ENGINEERING experience."

MIDDLESEX COUNTY TIMES:—"Flat to let, three rooms and bathroom, etc. INCONVENIENT part of Ealing."

LONDON OPINION:—"On the first night of Cochran's revue 'Wake Up and Dream,' the VACANT stall next to mine WAS OCCUPIED."

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Every week JOHN BULL pays many Children's Benefits besides covering the home on account of Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, or Accidents.

Owing to lack of space we give the names of only a few of our readers who benefit this week.

125 Children's Benefits Paid this Week

Children's Accidents, £3.

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J.B., 18/5/29.

THE HAT TRICK!
"BULLETS"
No. 710—FIRST
No. 711—FIRST
No. 712—FIRST
were ALL won by READERS OF THE
Leader
THE COMPLETE COMPETITION JOURNAL

Competitors in BULLETS (and all other literary competitions) cannot afford to miss the helpful advice given in every issue of THE LEADER—the paper that devotes more space to competitions than any other. Not only are all recent winning lines reviewed, but it also gives helpful suggestions on all current examples. In addition to the above successes, in BULLETS 711 and 712

OUR ADVISORY DEPT. MARKED WINNING LINES "V.G." FOR THE WINNERS!

Think what our Advisory Department means to YOU. It will save you POUNDS. For the modest fee of 8d. per 12 you can have an expert's opinion on 36 of your lines. He tells you those which are worthy of entry and those which he considers unlikely to win you a prize. Every week he is telling competitors which lines they should enter and every week those lines are winning big prizes. Lines are treated confidentially and are returned a few hours after they are received. All you have to do is post a 6d. Postal Order to our Advisory Department and a form (allowing for 36 critic.isms) will be sent to you per return.

THE LEADER is a complete Competition Journal, and not only contains four literary competitions but also gives all clues to all Crossword and Picture Puzzles. It is bought by over 800,000 enthusiastic competitors every week. If you are not yet a regular reader, ask your newsagent for a copy of THE

Leader
ON SALE TO-DAY 2D. SOLD EVERYWHERE

All communications to "THE LEADER," 166, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Fell & Got FESTERED KNEES

"Whilst playing in the street my boy Tommy fell and badly cut his knees," says Mr. F. H. Taylor, of 3, Hoppet Lane, Droylsden, nr. Manchester. "The places festered and formed into nasty mattery sores. Though we used all sorts of ointments and salves there was no sign of the sores healing. The poor child went through it with the awful pain and inflammation, and his knees had to be kept covered with bandages.

"After reading about Zam-Buk I got a box from the chemist. Within a week Zam-Buk had cleared the sores of all bad matter and healing was well on the way. Pain was soothed and new skin grew in a marvellous way through the Zam-Buk and Tommy's knees were made quite sound again. He is now out and about and happy again." There's no finer first-aid than Zam-Buk 1/3 and 3/- box. Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap 1/- a tablet is splendid for soothing and cleansing irritable and blotchy skins.

FREE! Send to-day postcard (½d. stamp) to Zam-Buk, Leeds, for free samples. Mention *John Bull* 18/5.

Leaves the skin smooth and white. Satisfactory results guaranteed or money refunded. 1/6 and 3/-. *Veet is a British Product of British Quality. Beware of cheap foreign imitations.*

100 LUXURY GIFTS and 525 'BULLETS' CASH PRIZES

Choose your £5-10 Luxury Gift
£5-10
GRANDMOTHER CLOCKS
Their handsome 14-day Grandmother Clocks are made in hand-finished Jacobean Oak, fitted with a 14-day movement striking half-hours and hours on deep-toned gongs. Height, 82 inches. Utility and beauty combined.
£5-10
'EDISON-BELL' PORTABLE GRAMOPHONES
Portable Luxury Gramophones, with a fine mellow tone. Black leather cloth case with gold-plated fittings and lock. Admire this splendid £5 10s. 'Edison Bell' machine in your local gramophone shop—then win one with a 'Bullet!'

ANOTHER novel and attractive *Bullets* offer is before you this week, the prizes for which will be despatched on Wednesday, June 12th.

In addition to the numerous cash awards, which include a First Prize of £300 and 20 of £6, 100 *Bullets* Luxury Gifts must be won. These consist of handsome Grandmother Clocks value £5 10s. each and £5 10s. "Edison Bell" Portable Gramophones, and the 100 winners will be invited to choose whichever Prize attracts them most.

Whether you favour the Clock or the Gramophone, your choice will be a Gift of outstanding quality and even better than any *Bullets* Gifts which have been offered before.

Be sharp if you wish to participate in the distribution of these splendid prizes—you have only until May 25th to be a winner!

HOW TO MAKE A "BULLET"

A *BULLET* must consist of any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS coupled to one of the *Examples* given on this page. Be original and apt in your observation, since that is the test of merit.

As a guide to success, here are three of last week's winning *Bullets*.

ALWAYS IN THE PICTURE—BY ALWAYS "STEPPING OUT."

TOO MANY—GRADES OF MILK—TWO!

DOWN IN THE COALFIELDS—PRINCE'S *Frown* BRIGHTENED THINGS.

Making *Bullets* is an ideal hobby and, as many Bulleteers can testify, it can be a very profitable one. No great effort is required to evolve a good *Bullet*, for often a sudden flash of inspiration has brought a big prize.

Choose your words to-day—and you may soon be choosing your *Bullets* Luxury Gift or winning one of the many cash awards.

☞ THE RESULT OF BULLETS COMPETITION NO. 714 WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

"BULLETS" BULLETIN. Any reader can obtain a free copy of "Bullets" Bulletin, our new help for competitors, on application, enclosing halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Stationery P.O. crossed and made payable to "John Bull" brings 12 consecutive issues post free. Address:—"Bulletin" Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

5. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

ADVANCE DETAILS FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 718.

First Prize £1,000—Second Prize £100—Third Prize £50—Ten Prizes of £5—10 Prizes of £2 10s.—50 Prizes of £1—100 Prizes of 10s.—1,000 Prizes of 2/6—10,000 "Target" Prizes.

"God Save The King!"—Britain's Word—Struggle Of Giants—New Members—Back To Westminster—Opening Chorus—Without Question—Surprise For Her—Love's Lesson—In Life's Cinema—Sense Of Security—Engaged—Once In A While—Still Allowed—The Latest Victim—Our Cornfields—Everlasting—Why He's Unpopular—Now It's All Over—Best Brains—Promises and Performances—We'll Stand A Lot, But—Unfinished—Voice Of Reason—After Another—"Watch Me Do It!"—King Of The Castle—Counting His Winnings—On The Green—Too Long To Wait—Driving Power—In A Cloud—Early Holidays—Returned—Lost Again—From The First—We Live And Learn—Remains Unmoved—Taking Her Place—What Will Happen Now!

(Closing Saturday, June 8.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 717.

TONIC FOR THE NATION
AFTER ALL THE COMMOTION
AGAINST THE LAW
YOU BET
STRICTLY LIMITED
A SABREMONGER
I'D LIKE TO BE
NESTIC TIME
THE NEXT MAN IN
SUPERHUMAN EFFORT
WAITING FOR RESULT
ONLY THE BRIDEGROOM
THE LONGEST
SUMMER'S COMING, SO
WE SHALL SEE
HAVE YOU HEARD
ROOKIE'S HARVEST
IN THE END
SHE BLUSHED AND
SCORSON TO ALL
THANK GOODNESS
BARRED
HE WAS WARNED, BUT
BITING THE DUST
LOVED AND LOST
NEVER THE SAME
ONE THING'S CERTAIN
PRICE OF HAPPINESS
WHEN A WOMAN LOVES
HIS WIFE AND FAMILY
SHIPMATES
"CONGRATULATIONS!"

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 25.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(717) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 25.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(717) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Your "Bullet" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 25.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(717) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 25.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(717) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 717, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 717 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 713 will be shown in the window of Messrs. Sutcliffe & Co., Dalton Road, Barrow-in-Furness.

HUGE 'BULLETS' FIRST £1,000 COMING NEXT WEEK

"Creates self-respect and self-reliance"

* * say Heads of Boys' Clubs

Ask the men who know boys. Ask them what they think of the Lifebuoy habit. Back will come the answer from School-teachers, Scoutmasters, Heads of Boys' Clubs—"With cleanliness is born a new spirit of self-respect." These people who **know** are all keen about the Lifebuoy habit. They have seen it working its magic. They have told us how they have watched boys "become more alert, more energetic, more self-reliant—in a word, more 'manly,' under its spell." Yet they have found it is almost as easy to get a boy into the Lifebuoy habit as it is to get him keen on football. Such manly, bubbly, jolly stuff is Lifebuoy!

Just teach your boys to have always a Lifebuoy wash whenever they come in from play or school, and before they sit down to table. Within a month they will be rolling up their sleeves without waiting to be told! That's the way the Lifebuoy habit gets a boy. Then you will notice they become more particular about other things. They themselves have laid the foundation of their own characters. And remember, too, that Lifebuoy Soap, because of its wonderful health element, is a great driver-out of germs, a bulwark against chance disease.

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The LIFEBUOY HABIT

* * for health and character

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